

THE ADVENTURE SERIES



JAMES GRIFFIN'S

ADVENTURES



IN ALASKA.

By HARRY DEE.























"TELL US, MY LAD, JUST HOW YOU CAME TO LEARN OF CAPTAIN HARDY'S EVIL INTENTIONS TOWARD US,"  
SAID JAMES.—See page 37.



THE ADVENTURE  
S E R I E S

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JAMES GRIFFIN'S  
ADVENTURES

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IN

A L A S K A

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*Harry E. Danko*

*By HARRY DEE pseud.*

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THE ADVENTURE  
SERIES

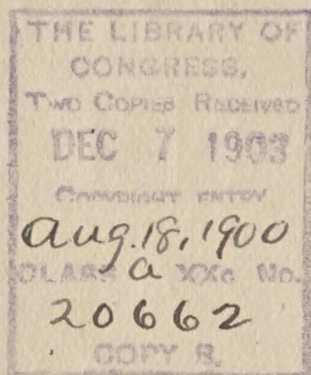
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HALFTONE ILLUSTRATIONS

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# JAMES GRIFFIN'S ADVENTURES

IN ALASKA.

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## CHAPTER I.

JOE FARRELL ARRIVES FROM ALASKA.

There was great excitement in the summer of 1897, when the steamer Portland reached Seattle with the news of the great gold discoveries in the Klondyke. Thousands were at the wharf to see and hear all they could. People went wild at the rumors they heard, and every person who could possibly do so, was determined to go to the new Eldorado and share in the wealth that was said to lie under the hard, frozen ground.

Among the passengers on board was Joe Farrell, but he avoided the crowds and reporters, and as soon as possible boarded a train and set out for San



Francisco. Arriving there, he at once hastened to the business office of James Griffin on Market Street, and greatly astonished that gentleman, who was just then wondering how his old friend was getting along.

"Where did you drop from, Joe?" exclaimed James, warmly grasping his hands. "This is a real pleasure!"

"Just came from Seattle, where I arrived on the steamer Portland from St. Michael's. I'm glad to see you, James. You've grown wonderfully since last I saw you!" returned Joe admiringly.

It was true. James Griffin was not the same impetuous, reckless young man who was carried to sea and set ashore on a South Sea island six years before. He was now a man of twenty-five years of age, more careful, but just as brave, and large and strong. He had taken the cares of business from his father's shoulders, and Mr. Griffin was now traveling with Mrs. Griffin in Europe, and taking a well-earned rest after several years of hard work. When Mr. Griffin returned from his ten years' enforced residence upon an island in the South Pacific, he found that his business partner



and brother-in-law, Captain Hardy, had dissipated a great deal of his property, and it entailed much litigation to straighten out affairs. Then came the panic of 1893. Business was dull and the vessels he owned were sold at a sacrifice. Now James was interested in several mines, and was looking for other investments.

The coming of Joe Farrell at this time was quite opportune. Joe had left San Francisco with a party of others five years before, and while prospecting in the neighborhood of Circle City, Alaska, the news came of the discovery of gold near where Dawson City now stands. He made the rush there with many others, and took up a claim on Forty-Mile Creek.

"Well, Joe, what luck did you have?" asked James, when the first greetings were over, and after Joe had asked about the health of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin and Helen.

"I can't complain," answered Joe. "I've taken a claim that I feel sure will pan out well. But you know my circumstances, and it takes money to get out the yellow metal, not to mention the hard work."



“Well, Joe, you know you can always depend upon me, and as I have nothing particular to keep me here, I’ve a notion to go to Alaska myself. Several of my friends are talking of going and I think we could make up an interesting party. There are undoubtedly chances to make a fortune, and if we do not strike it rich, there will be but a few hundred dollars’ loss each. But let me hear about what a time you have had the past few years. I heard from you only twice while you were away.”

Joe was not much of a letter-writer and would rather chop down a dozen trees than to “take his pen in hand.” Nor was he a ready talker, but he related to James in a clear and concise manner all the important events since he left San Francisco. Joe had been doing a lot of prospecting, and when he ran out of cash and provisions, he readily found work in the mines at good wages. Thus year after year went by, but Joe did not get discouraged. He believed everything would come out all right if he had the patience to wait for the right time. Joe had undergone great hardships and privations, but he looked none the worse for all that. He really ap-



peared as young-looking as when he first left for the frigid north.

His experience in Alaska would be of great benefit to the party, and James was sanguine that the trip would result profitably to all concerned. Joe knew the country well, and also knew just what equipage would be necessary, and what and how much food would be needed for a year's stay in Alaska.

James and Joe talked over matters, and at the end of several hours, James was fully determined to make the journey.

"You must come with me, Joe, for supper, and remain with us until we leave for the north. Helen will be delighted to see you, but I am sure she will vigorously protest against my leaving her here. But I think we can arrange it all right. She is sensible and will undoubtedly resign herself to the situation."

Then James and Joe left the office, and boarded a street car for James' home, out in the Mission.

"Why, Mr. Farrell!" exclaimed Helen, "what fair wind has driven you from Alaska? I am so glad to see you, but I must scold you for never once writing to me! I was so anxious to hear from you since



reading so much in the papers about the great gold fields there. And to think that you just came from that wonderful country! Of course, you are going to return, and when you do, I should like to go too—James and I! He's been talking of going ever since the news of the great gold discoveries."

James and Joe looked at each other with apprehension. They both knew Helen had a determined way about her, and they also knew that she was courageous enough to undertake almost any hardship. A trip to Alaska meant a great deal, and James had no thought that Helen would care to venture on such a journey. Besides, he thought that it would greatly handicap a party to have his sister with him.

"I will not consent that you undertake so dangerous a journey," said James. "You have no idea what you would encounter. Could you sleep on the snow at night, and climb for miles up the sides of precipitous mountains through thick underbrush? Could you stand it to travel all day in wet garments when it was 20 to 40 degrees below zero? Would you like to go hungry for days at a time? No, my dear Helen, Alaska is no place for a woman at pres-



ent, and you could never endure the overland journey there. Your presence would also seriously hamper the party."

James thought that he had dampened her ardor, but he was mistaken.

"Oh, James, how delightful a picture you have drawn of your trip! You talk just as though you were courting Death. Instead of my proving a hindrance to the party, I am sure you will have reason to bless me every hour for being with you. After you men have worked hard all day, don't you think it will be nice to have some one present to serve you all with tea or coffee, and dish up your provisions in a palatable manner? The greatest need in Alaska to-day, if I may judge by the newspapers, is the presence of women. There are no hardships that I would not cheerfully endure for your sake, James. Only the strongest-minded men can keep themselves clean and refined in that country. The men work ten or twelve hours a day, standing up to their knees in water and mud, and under such circumstances they would welcome any woman who would have supper ready for them when they came to camp. You men will need the



greatest care in your eating, if you desire to retain your strength. Don't fear for me, James!" And Helen smiled so sweetly and appeared so well-informed and enthusiastic, that James decided that perhaps it would not be so bad after all to have her accompany them.

"I am sure Mr. Farrell will not object to my going," continued Helen. "He knows that I am no coward, and when it comes to undertaking any journey or any hardship, that I will be the most cheerful one in the whole party."

"Should I offer any objections," returned Joe, "it would be only out of regard for your welfare, but as far as we are concerned, I am sure that your presence would be a great delight to all."

Thus it was decided that Helen was to be a member of the party when they went to Alaska.



## CHAPTER II.

## CAPTAIN HARDY PLOTS AGAIN.

While James, Joe, and Helen were so cheerfully discussing a trip to the Klondyke, there were two men in Seattle also planning to go to Alaska. One was a thick-set man named John Hardy, the same Captain Hardy who was formerly a partner of Emil Griffin, James' father, and who had been sent to prison for several years for his high-handed method in kidnapping James and Helen six years before. He was now out of prison, having served his sentence, and he looked to the newly-discovered gold fields of Alaska to retrieve his fortunes. The other man was a fit associate of the captain.

The two were determined to make the trip, and they felt sure that, by fair means or foul, they could in a few years return to civilization with a good load of yellow gold dust.



They sat in one corner of a saloon and talked of their plans.

"What do you think, Jack?" said Captain Hardy, "I saw Joe Farrell yesterday as he landed from the Portland. You know I have an old score against him, which I wish to pay off. I don't doubt but that he has made a rich strike in Alaska, for I have heard that he has been there for a number of years. I'll write to a friend in San Francisco, and have him find out just what Farrell is going to do. He'll be sure to go straight to the Griffins, probably to get financial help in working his claim. I would give ten years of my life to come between those people and the wealth they expect to secure in the Klondyke. Of course, we are both short of money, but I can raise enough to take us to Juneau, or Skaguay, and I will guarantee that we can make our way through without trouble. If you trust to me, Jack, and do as I tell you, we can easily come into possession of a good outfit without the expenditure of a cent."

"All right, Captain, you can depend upon me," said Jack Williams, who had been with Captain Hardy ever since they both left the state peniten-



tiary of California. "Lay out your plans, Captain, and you'll find me a ready man to help you carry them out."

"My intention," said the scheming captain, "is to watch and wait for the Griffin people, and join them. I can declare my good intentions and play on their sympathies to such an extent that they will readily allow us to join them. They will not hold any enmity toward me, and I shall endeavor to secure their full confidence. I shall assume a repentant attitude, and declare my desire to hereafter lead an honest life. That fool of a James Griffin will believe all I tell him, because I'm his uncle, and our opportunity will come on the trip. We must get things ready so as to meet them if they come here, or go to San Francisco if they leave there by boat. I shall find out all their plans from my friend in 'Frisco. Our fortune's made, Jack, if you play your part as well as I intend to play mine."

"You need not fear for me, Captain, if they will only allow me to go with them," returned Williams.

"I'll arrange that all right, Jack."

Then Captain Hardy called for writing materials, and, surrounded by many rough, noisy and excited



men, all talking of the gold in Alaska, he wrote to his friend in San Francisco.

The scene being enacted in the same room with Captain Hardy was one calculated to interest the most phlegmatic person. Extravagant stories were related of rich claims owned by persons known to them or to their friends, and the hearers stood with open mouths and bated breath, so that not one word would escape them. Those who had the means to go to Alaska were envied by those who were forced to remain at home. Men quit remunerative situations to try their fortunes in the far north, and others who owned nothing in the world but their modest homes, even mortgaged them for a fraction of their value so as to secure money to reach that land of gold.

Thus it was no wonder that a man like Captain Hardy, with his total lack of honesty or honor, would stop at nothing to secure wealth and revenge at the same time. Nor would he fight his enemies in the open, but under pretense of desiring to reform and lead an irreproachable life, would treacherously strike them from behind and in the dark. The old adage, "The love of money is the root of all evil,"





"WHY, MR. FARRELL!" EXCLAIMED HELEN, "WHAT FAIR WIND HAS DRIVEN YOU FROM ALASKA?"—See page 9.







was true in his case, for his downfall came from his excessive greed for wealth.

While Captain Hardy was writing his long letter, Jack Williams got up and mingled with the drinking crowd, and he added the smoke of his pipe to the already dense atmosphere.

"Paper, Mister?" called a cheery voice at the elbow of Captain Hardy. "Extra! All about the great gold discoveries in the Klondyke!" And with hat well back on a curly head, and with deep blue eyes, eager for a sale, stood a lad of sixteen years of age.

Captain Hardy paid no attention.

"Paper, Mister—Extra!" again came the voice. This time the lad stepped right in front of the expectant purchaser.

"Get away from here, or I shall be under the necessity of giving you a kick!" thundered the captain, angrily. "What do you mean by disturbing people that way? Can't you see that I am busy?"

"I beg your pardon, Mister," returned the boy, with a flushed face. "I only wanted to sell a paper—didn't mean to disturb you. Good day!" and he was again off among the crowd, shouting "Extra!"



"There ought to be a law against such nuisances," growled Hardy, as his brutal nature again asserted itself. He imagined that a newsboy had no rights which he or anyone else should consider. He never gave a thought of his own criminal existence, and of his theory that the world owed him a living, and that he intended to get it.

Having finished his letter, he sauntered out with his companion to drop it into the nearest letter-box. At the door he met the newsboy, and instinctively took a dislike to him. The feelings were mutual, for the young man who was making a living by selling papers saw nothing in the looks of Captain Hardy to prepossess him in his favor.

"They're a nice-looking pair," he muttered. "I wouldn't want to be in their company in a lonely place, with a dollar in my pocket, for they'd rob me as sure as I live. They'll likely come to a bad end."

The newsboy's name was Edward Barry. His mother had died when he was yet a child, and his father had put him into the care of a brother as poor as himself, and had gone to Alaska to work in the mines, and also prospect for himself. He had sent home money occasionally, but he had written that



he was doing a great deal of prospecting, and that it required all the money he could make to provide himself with supplies for his extended trips. If he once struck it rich, all would be well forever after. But for a year nothing had been heard from him, and it was feared that he had died in some unknown district of that vast territory. At the same time Uncle Barry met with misfortunes, and Edward volunteered to leave school and help pay the expenses of the household by selling papers, which was a lively business just then. Thus it was that he disturbed Captain Hardy that day.

Edward was as much interested in the news reports from the Alaskan gold fields as any of the purchasers of his papers could possibly be. He had a strong desire to go in search of his father, and he felt that something unusual was the matter with him. His father must either be dead, or so absorbed in digging gold in some remote district that he had no opportunity to send letters. But the thought of going there was as repeatedly put aside as it came to him, because he felt that it would be impossible to secure the means to do so. He was again meditating on the subject as Captain Hardy and his com-



panion passed him. They were in conversation, and as they passed he heard Hardy say:

"It's as good as settled, Jack, for as sure as Joe Farrell and James Griffin go to the Klondyke, we'll accompany them. We'll work them in great shape, and they'll not find out what fools they've been until we leave them in the lurch somewhere."

"They're bigger villains than I thought," muttered Edward to himself. "They're going to rob or murder somebody on the way to Alaska! 'Joe Farrell and James Griffin,' " he soliloquized. "Well, I'll just write down those names, and maybe I can warn them. At the same time I'll keep my eyes on those fellows. They look as though they might be a couple of jail-birds." And Edward sauntered along leisurely, whistling softly to himself, and watched where the men went. They walked down several blocks, and went into a boarding-house on a side street.

Taking note of the number, Edward returned to the busy places and continued his sale of papers.



## CHAPTER III.

## OUR FRIENDS START FOR ALASKA.

The next morning James and Joe were at the office, planning for their trip to Alaska. Joe was anxious to be off at once, but there were many matters to be attended to before James could think of leaving. He had investments to look after, and he must arrange to close up the house, and inform his father and mother of the intended journey of himself and Helen. He must also consider others who had spoken to him of going to Alaska.

These gentlemen were called to James' office, but only two of them decided to go, and these two were more than anxious to make the journey, especially now that so available a man as Joe Farrell was to be one of the party.

One of these gentlemen was Prof. Caldwell, a warm friend of James. He was well educated, and had traveled all over the world. He had a predilec-



tion for big words and foreign sayings, which he quoted on every possible occasion. He was not rich—in fact, he was quite poor—and when someone referred to him in connection with the moss and the rolling stone, he remarked: “Oh, you mean a revolving fragment of the paleozoic age collects no cryptogamous vegetation.” He also referred to water as  $H_2O$ , and to salt as chloride of sodium, etc.

James rather enjoyed the peculiar ways of the professor, but Joe did not. Joe thought a handful of common sense was worth a bushel of learning.

But aside from this fault, if it may be so called, the professor was a desirable companion, brave, and a true friend.

The other gentleman who wished to accompany James was an artist, at present an illustrator on one of the San Francisco papers. His name was Francis La Boule, and he was the son of one of the first French families to locate in California. He had some peculiarities, but he was a genius in his line of work, and he was also an able writer. He was of an adventurous nature, wished to see what he could of the world, and was always in hopes that he would be one of the lucky ones in the land of gold. For



years he had done commercial work in an engraving office, and as most of the materials to be photographed and drawn were never again called for, Francis naturally took them to his rooms, which soon became a veritable storehouse. If the article should happen to be asked for, Francis would throw out a gentle hint that he would highly appreciate its possession, and it was generally given to him. So he had knives, razors, shears, and about everything to be found in a hardware store. One day a dozen or more coffins were brought to the shop to be photographed and cuts made from them. Out of sheer force of habit he asked for one of them. Of course, the laugh was on him, but he took it good naturedly. Aside from this mania for collecting, he was quite a capital fellow, generous and kind-hearted.

He often called upon James in his office, and was a frequent visitor at the Griffin home, and they were warm friends.

So the party was to be made up of James, Joe, the professor, Francis, and Helen. It was decided to go by rail to Seattle, and from there, after buying their supplies, by boat to Dyce, and then overland by way of the Chilkoot trail.



James thought over the various methods of transporting the goods of the party to Alaska. Being of a practical nature and entirely original, he conceived the idea of making use of goats as transport animals. He secured half a dozen and gave them in charge of a trainer. James calculated that they could do the work much better than dogs, and once in Alaska they would furnish milk, or at least could be converted into meat. James was curious to see how the training of the goats proceeded, and so he was on hand at the initial trial. When they first got the harnesses on, the giddy beasts cut all manner of capers. While one would be executing a frantic war-dance, another would try standing on his head and kicking terrifically at the air. Then the others got excited and began bucking each other. James feared for a time that his experiment would not prove a success, but after a couple of days, the animals behaved quite well, and within a few weeks they were obedient, and pulled great loads without apparent effort.

James realized that such an outfit would provoke a great deal of ridicule, merriment and adverse comment at first sight, but he felt that when his peculiar



team was once at work, none but favorable remarks would be heard. At all events, James thought, the goats would be just so much more food for the party.

At first the intention was to make the journey by boat, via the Yukon, but it was late in the summer before everything was ready, and it was feared that the great river would be frozen before they could reach the Klondyke district. Joe, too, favored the overland route, because he had gone by the all-water route, and he decided that the other way could not be worse.

"I suppose, though," he added, "no matter which way we do go, we shall regret that we didn't go the other."

At last everything was ready, and our friends bade farewell to their homes and the familiar scenes about them.

They left on the Oakland ferry at 7:30 p. m., and at 8 o'clock boarded the train on the Oakland Mole that was to carry them on their way to the far north. There were many others on the train besides themselves—some, perhaps, who would never re-



turn, for gold hunting in Alaska was not without its dangers.

The journey to Seattle was a pleasant one, and full of interest. The train wended its way through the most mountainous portion of the state—through the valley of the Sacramento.

Francis had made the journey several times, and he took great pleasure in pointing out to Helen the objects of interest. At Port Costa the whole train, including engine and sleepers, was run onto the largest ferry boat in the world (the Solano), which crossed over the straits of Carquinez to Benicia. One of the most striking scenes in the country was Castle Crag, which towers 4,000 feet above the river. After leaving the Sacramento river, the train climbs up, up, to the towns of McCloud and Sisson, 3,500 feet above the sea, and here, as the sun rose the next morning, a beautiful view of Mount Shasta was obtained. These snow-clad peaks tower 14,440 feet high, and as they viewed the immense glacier, they could not but realize their own insignificance and the greatness of God. At Black Butte summit, at an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet, a mountain



range was crossed and the train hurried on over the Siskiyou mountains.

Leaving the line of California and entering Oregon, a most marvelous feat of engineering was seen—the great trestlework, where six tracks are constructed, each one above the other. Going through the three-mile tunnel, before reaching Ashland, was also a novelty to the passengers.

The train then sped on through the valley scenery along the Willamette river to Portland, Oregon, where the party partook of breakfast. Again the train started on its trip to Seattle, which was reached without incident at 5 p. m., the journey having occupied nearly two days and two nights.

During the trip, the professor and James discussed matters of mutual interest, while Joe, who was naturally a man of few words, and whose several years of solitary life in Alaska had rendered him more so, for the most time sat in the smoker, silent and thoughtful. He felt that a great deal depended upon him to successfully land the party at Dawson City, and when he thought of all the difficulties to overcome, it almost made him hesitate. But he knew that thousands of others were also on the way,



and while the hardships would be great, they were not insurmountable.

Arriving at Seattle, the party repaired to a hotel, and immediately began the purchasing of supplies. They were fortunate in securing passage on the steamer *Jeanette*, which ran to Juneau, Alaska, and which was to leave in a few days.

When James stepped out of the hotel one morning, in company with Professor Caldwell, he was astonished at meeting Captain Hardy. James was about to pass him by without even a nod of recognition, but Captain Hardy accosted him in a friendly manner and held out his hand to James. James did not accept the proffered token of friendship.

"Won't you shake hands with me, James?" asked Captain Hardy, with well-feigned humiliation.

"Captain Hardy," answered James, "I have no ill-feeling toward you, but I think our paths lie in different directions. The world is large, and there is no necessity for us to even recognize each other. You did a great wrong to our family, for which I forgive you, and I wish you success."

"Come, James, let us be friends. I have sinned, I know, and have received just punishment for my



sins, but I am endeavoring to live a new life, and it will lift a great load from my mind if I am sure of your friendship," and Captain Hardy again extended his hand.

James still hesitated.

Just at that moment a newsboy, who had been an interested observer of the group, rushed up, and with cries of "Extra!" solicited a sale.

James mechanically purchased the morning paper, and then the professor said:

"See here, James, Captain Hardy seems to desire to do what is right, so you should be charitable. You seem yet to accuse him, but I think we are bound by the most sacred obligations to avoid unjust accusations. We should hold our judgment in suspense rather than draw hasty conclusions. If we do this, we shall be better fitted to form just conclusions when duty calls for them."

"You are right, Professor," said James, after a moment's thought, and he cordially shook hands with Hardy.

"You are bound for the Klondyke, I think," ventured Captain Hardy. "Well, so am I. I have en-



gaged a berth on the Jeanette, which leaves in a few days."

"Then we shall travel together, for we go on the same steamer," replied James.

"That is extremely fortunate," said Captain Hardy, "and I hope that we shall be fast friends before we reach the end of our journey. I shall certainly do all in my power to merit your good opinion. Well, good-bye, James, until we meet again. Good-bye, Professor."

"Good-bye," returned James. "Au revoir," said the professor, with a wave of his hand.



## CHAPTER IV.

EDWARD BARRY WARNS JAMES.

When James and the professor returned to the hotel they met Joe, also coming back.

"What do you think, Joe? We met Captain Hardy, and he seemed disposed to be very friendly to us. He wishes to begin life anew, and he is going with us on the *Jeanette* to Alaska."

Joe gave vent to a low whistle.

"And what does that mean?" asked James.

"It means that I do not believe in his professions of friendship. I should like to have ocular proof of his good intentions before I am convinced that he is sincere, and it would be pretty hard to forgive him for what he has done."

"You should not be so severe," returned the professor. "He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must himself pass, for every man has need to be forgiven."



"You are right, there, Professor, and I shall not stand in the way of Captain Hardy showing us that he is sincere in his professions of good-will toward us."

"He seemed very earnest, and I cannot doubt his sincerity. If not true, it was well feigned. 'Se non è vero, è ben trovato,' as the Italians say," returned the professor. "And besides, Joe, we, as members of society, could not exist without continual obligations on every side, and instead of being felt as a burden, they should be gladly accepted as a part of the benefit and happiness it has in store for us. We must make mutual sacrifices, and he who considers it a debit-and-credit affair, does not realize the meaning of social life, and is unable to fill his part in it."

"Have your way, Professor, and I hope all will be well, but I shall keep my eyes open and be ready for any emergency," returned Joe.

They entered the hotel, and Joe showed a list of goods he had purchased.

"Are you buying supplies for an army?" asked Helen, aghast, as she looked over the array of figures on the long sheet of paper.



"Not a bit of it, my dear girl," said Joe, smiling. "I have added a few dainties on your account, but as a whole we shall need every pound of provisions I have selected. Look over the list, Miss Griffin, and if I have neglected anything, please make a note of it. I also wish to remind you that what we do not take with us we shall be quite certain to go without, so be careful not to forget anything that you consider essential for your welfare or comfort."

Helen was busy studying the following list when Joe was called outside.

Flour .....	1200	Lbs.	Raisins .....	15	Lbs.
Bacon .....	450	"	Onions, Evap.....	15	"
Beans .....	300	"	Potatoes, Evap....	75	"
Sugar .....	225	"	Coffee .....	75	"
Rolled Oats .....	125	"	Tea .....	30	"
Candles .....	120	"	Milk, Con., Cans...	6	Doz.
Rice .....	75	"	Soap, Tar .....	15	Bars.
Cornmeal .....	60	"	Soap, Laundry ....	15	Bars.
Dry Salt Pork ...	75	"	Matches, 3 Cans...	120	Pks.
Dried Beef .....	75	"	Soup, Vegetable ...	10	Lbs.
Baking Powder ..	8	"	Jamaica Ginger ...	3	Bot.
Soda .....	2	"	Butter in Sealed		
Salt .....	60	"	Cans .....	To	Suit.
Pepper .....	3	"	Tobacco .....	To	Suit.
Mustard and Ginger	1	"	Extract of Beef....	18	Pots.
Apples, Evap.....	60	"	Stove, Steel .....	1	
Peaches, Evap....	60	"	Gold Pans .....	4	
Apricots .....	60	"	Granite Buckets .....	3	
Pitted Plums .....	30	"	Cups .....	2	



Plates, Tin .....	6	Butcher Knives .....	3
Knives and Forks, Each...	5	Small Compass .....	1
Spoons, Table and Tea...	6	Rope, ½-inch .....	100 Ft.
Whetstone .....	1	Block and Tackle .....	1
Coffee Pot .....	1	Medicine Chest .....	1
Nails .....	20 Lbs.	Pitch .....	3 Lbs.
Picks .....	4	Oakum .....	3 Lbs.
Saws, Hand .....	2	Trying Pans .....	3
Saws, Whip .....	2	Snow Glasses, Each...	1 Pair
Hatchets .....	3	Hunting Knives, Each....	1
Shovels .....	4	Revolvers, Each .....	1
Files .....	10	Rifles, Each .....	1
Draw Knife .....	1	Screws, Several Sizes.	3 Lbs.
Axes .....	3	Screw Driver .....	2
Chisels, Several Sizes....	5	Mercury .....	To Suit

And several books of poems and essays and the Bible.

After making note of a few articles she wished to take in addition, Helen rejoined the others in the hotel parlor.

When Joe left Helen and had reached the hotel office, he was accosted by the newsboy of whom James had purchased a paper a short time before.

"Excuse me, sir, but are you Joe Farrell?" asked Edward Barry, for it was he.

"Yes, my lad," said Joe, kindly; "what can I do for you?"



"Oh, how glad I am that I have met you at last. And is James Griffin here, too?"

"Yes, he is in the hotel. Would you like to see him?"

Just then the professor joined the two.

"Yes, sir! Oh, how I have been waiting and watching for several months, and when I saw Captain Hardy talking to two men a short time ago, and heard him mention 'James,' I was sure you people had arrived."

"What do you know about Captain Hardy?" asked Joe, very much interested.

"He's waiting for a chance to rob or murder you people on your way to Alaska!" replied Edward.

"Nonsense, boy," said the professor. "I was just talking to Captain Hardy, and he wants to do what is right. Now, boy, what is your reason for making such a statement?"

"Don't be so severe with the lad, Professor; he means well, no doubt," said Joe, as he saw Edward slightly color up. "What is your name? and what can you tell us about Captain Hardy's intentions?"

"My name is Edward Barry, and as I have not



heard from my father in Alaska for over a year, I was compelled to sell papers and do other work to help Uncle Barry get along—”

“Barry! and in Alaska!” exclaimed Joe. “What is your father’s name?”

“William Barry,” answered the young man.

“It must be the same—I’m sure it is—and you’re William Barry’s son?” said Joe, delightedly, putting his right hand on the newsboy’s shoulder. “Why, we were partners together for several years, Bill and I. He saved my life, too, at the risk of his own. Now, I remember, he spoke of his son in Seattle. And you haven’t heard from him in a year?”

“No, sir; not a word. Oh, tell me about my father, if you were with him in Alaska!” And the young man forgot all else in his eagerness to hear from his dear parent.

“Well, the last I saw of him was when I was feeling badly and in no condition to go prospecting, and determined to stay in Circle City for a time to regain my health. Then he went off alone on a prospecting trip up the Yukon. He was well supplied with food, and, barring accidents, had nothing to fear. Later, I went up with the rush, got a claim,



and then came home. We are now on our way back, and you may be sure, my lad, that I shall make inquiries concerning your father."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Edward.

"Come, let us go to James and Francis," said Joe.

James, Francis and Helen were now joined by the group, and Joe informed them of the errand of Master Barry.

"Tell us, my lad, just how you came to learn of Captain Hardy's evil intentions toward us," said James.

Edward related what the reader already knows, but it did not convince James. He wanted to be generous to Captain Hardy, and he thought there might be some mistake in the words Edward had heard.

Edward showed James a slip of paper on which he had written "Joe Farrell and James Griffin," at the time Captain Hardy had uttered the confident words concerning our two friends.

"Well, there's nothing to be done," said James, "except to look out for ourselves. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and, God helping, nothing need be feared."



“‘Deo adjuvante, non timendum,’ as we say it in Latin,” echoed the professor, closing a newly-issued book he had been glancing over while Edward was talking. “It has been said, and probably quite truly, that a person will never have more than three or four friends in the course of his life, and I don’t think Captain Hardy is going to be one of them, but at the same time, he may be able to explain away the suspicions that we now hold against him.”

James became much interested in the young man, and appreciated his desire to warn them of impending danger, and when James asked him if they could do anything for him, he replied:

“I thank you very much for your kind offer. I have only one wish, and that being impossible to carry out, I can only say that there is nothing that you can do for me.”

“And what is that one great desire?” asked James curiously.

“I’ve thought a thousand times that I would like to go to Alaska to search for my father, but having no money, and being alone, it is only a dream.”

James was thoughtful for a moment, and then he asked:



“How would you like to join our party?”

Edward's face colored, and a smile lit up his handsome features, but this was followed by a paleness, as he answered:

“Please do not joke with me about the matter, Mr. Griffin.”

“Come, my lad, I mean just what I say. If you wish to go with us, and your uncle has no objection, you may consider yourself one of our party. Never mind about the supplies, clothes, etc., for we can fit you out in that line.”

The poor boy was overcome with gratitude. A lump came into his throat, and he could not speak for some time.



## CHAPTER V.

## EDWARD PLAYS DETECTIVE.

Captain Hardy was elated with the success of his plans so far; and when he left the professor and James, he returned to his usual lounging place, and proceeded to celebrate what he termed the first great move in the game he was playing. In the afternoon he called for paper and pen, and wrote a note to his friend, Jack Williams, who was in a neighboring town for a few days.

He had no sooner left the table and gone out to post this letter, than our young friend, Edward Barry, who had been selling the evening papers, and also watching Captain Hardy, went over to where the letter had been written and looked around for some scrap of paper that would give him a clue to corroborate his statement to James and Joe Farrell. Though he had been much concerned about them when they were yet strangers, he now was



greatly worried lest Captain Hardy might do them some injury, while pretending to be their friend. He was determined to watch Hardy day and night, and thus it was that he looked about for information that might prove valuable to his new friends and benefactors.

Several crushed pieces of paper were on the floor, but one had only a blot of ink on it, and the other the date and the words: "Dear Jack: I met—"

Edward looked about the table, and saw some words on a blotter. They were reversed and he could not read them, but he put the blotter into his trousers pocket, determined to give it to the professor. Edward had great confidence in the professor being able to decipher the words.

The whole party had just eaten supper, and were in the parlor when Edward arrived. He immediately went to James and handed him the strip of paper and the blotter, and said:

"I saw Captain Hardy writing a letter this afternoon, and after he was gone I picked up these scraps. They may not mean anything, and then again they may be useful. You will know best."

James looked at the crumpled sheet of paper and







"and they will be easy to work. Your friend,  
"JOHN HARDY."

Francis, Helen and Joe also read the mysterious words, and then each silently looked at the others.

"It is evident," began the professor, "that Captain Hardy is not overburdened with sincerity; and he evidently intends to inveigle someone into a trap."

"The wolf changes his coat, but not his disposition," said Francis.

"*'Lupus pilum mutat, non mentem,'* as we say it in Latin," remarked the professor. "Well, James, what are we going to do about it? I don't fancy a traveling companion who puts me down as a nursing babe, and as a person always ready to be gulled." And the professor looked indignant.

"Well, Professor," said Joe, "you gave me a pretty severe lecture about being charitable, so don't get excited now. You should not have been so quick to believe what Captain Hardy told you. I expected that it would turn out that way."

"*'Tout le monde est sage après coup,'* everybody is wise after the event," said the professor. "Captain Hardy had an opportunity, but it is now past.



Opportunity has hair in front; behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forehead you may hold her, but if you suffer her to pass by, not Mercury himself can catch her again."

"The only course for us to pursue," said James, "is to keep our own counsel, say as little to Captain Hardy as possible, and be ever on the watch for him."

"Oh, James," said Helen, "I fear he is to cause us a great deal of trouble on our trip to Alaska. I have a presentiment that he will bring us misfortune. Is there no way to get rid of him? Can we not leave sooner than we intended?" And Helen fairly trembled at the thought of what Captain Hardy's presence might mean to them.

"Never fear, Helen," said James, "we now know what to expect and we are four against one. Besides, we have Edward, who is a veritable watchdog."

"I shall endeavor to merit your good opinion of me," answered Edward, blushing slightly.

The party soon broke up for the evening, and Edward was told to get ready, as the *Jeanette* was



to leave by Saturday for Skaguay and in the morning they were to get their supplies on board.

Edward was in a delirium of joy, for now his proudest dreams were to be realized. He was to go to Alaska, and he felt sure that he would find his father!

The day for the departure finally came, and our little party went on board, with bright hopes for the future. There were several hundred other passengers, mostly made up of small parties like our own friends. Everything was in a bustle, and all were more or less excited.

There was a tremendous crowd at the wharf to see the goldseekers off, and as the lines were cast from the piles, the great steamer got under way, and was soon plowing through the waters of Puget sound on its trip to the Pacific ocean.

Captain Hardy was also on board and had already spoken to James, but he was a little put out at the reserved manner in which James treated him. Captain Hardy at first thought that this was due to his conduct six years before, and he realized that he must do something to cause James and his friends



to think that he meant to reform and lead an exemplary life.

"Even the professor," mused Captain Hardy, as he walked the deck one dark night, "who was so generous and friendly at first, now looks at me suspiciously, and I fear that they must have heard something about me, and decided to cut me altogether. By George, I wonder if that boy they have with them has anything to do with their changed manner! If I thought so I would throw him overboard! I'd like to know how they came to pick him up," and the captain walked up and down the deck in deep thought. "Thunder!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "I do believe that kid has been spying on me, for he has been continuously at my elbow ever since he first asked me to buy a paper and I threatened to kick him outdoors."

A dark scowl overspread the features of the captain, and he endeavored to recall every word he had said when Edward was about. His thoughts went back to the very beginning, and he suddenly remembered that when he was writing a letter one day to his friend Jack Williams, he had thrown away



a sheet partly filled, and that he had seen Edward around the table shortly afterward.

"Could he have picked up some scraps of paper and brought them to young Griffin?" thought Hardy. "It must be so, for I cannot otherwise account for the change in their manner."

Just then Captain Hardy was joined by Jack Williams, and the former imparted his fears in regard to that "newsboy," as Edward was referred to by both men.

"I'm afraid that he has spoiled all our plans, Jack," said Hardy.

"Well, if he has, we must make new ones," returned Williams. "We are now on our way to Alaska, and there is no help for it. We spent all we had for our passage and the small outfit we have, so we must secure more some way. It will be dangerous business up there to help ourselves, as I hear that if a man is caught with other people's goods in his possession he is disposed of without the formality of a trial. So we must be careful. The Griffin people really have a great deal more than they need, and we must endeavor to relieve them of a good share of it. We have crossed the Rubicon, Captain,



and we cannot be timid now. We have waited for months for those people, and it is from them that we must secure the provisions to carry us through the winter. I would not stop now if I had to get rid of them one by one until all were dead." And a savage look came into his face.

"Those are my sentiments, too, Jack," said Hardy. "The time has come to act. I shall see James Griffin to-morrow, and if I am convinced that he intends to have nothing to do with me, then I shall know what to do."

Just then Captain Hardy saw a figure standing in the shadow of a stairway that led to the upper deck. A scrutinizing look convinced the captain that it was Edward Barry.

"Spying again, are you?" muttered Hardy, and he quickly approached Edward, who had come on deck to enjoy the fresh air and take a walk, and to look at the stars that shone so brightly above. Seeing two men in earnest conversation, he had stepped out of the way, intending to go to some other part of the steamer. But he had heard a few words that arrested his attention, and against his wishes, over-



heard much that Captain Hardy and Jack Williams had said.

Captain Hardy seized Edward roughly by the shoulder, and demanded to know the reason for his listening to their conversation.

"Captain Hardy, I accidentally overheard some of your words, and I feel it my duty to report it to Mr. Griffin. You are endeavoring to injure him, and you shall not do so if I can help it!" And Edward attempted to shake off his grasp.

"We'll see about that," said Hardy, and he quickly placed one of his hands over Edward's mouth to prevent an outcry, and then calling to Jack Williams, added:

"When spies are caught, the penalty is death; and so it shall be with you, my young fellow! Dead youngsters tell no stories, and you will be food for the fishes as a result of your eagerness to hear what we were saying!"

Edward attempted to cry out, as he realized what the two men might do with him, but he could not! He struggled desperately to free himself, but he was held as in a vise, and as they carried him toward the rail, he grabbed at every object he passed. His hold



was quickly broken, however, and as the side of the steamer was reached, he felt himself lifted from the deck. Again he made an attempt to catch the rail, but instead his hands grasped a life board that hung alongside, and he felt himself lifted high in the air, and then he fell down, down, into the dark waters below!



## CHAPTER VI.

## OUR FRIENDS GRIEF-STRICKEN.

The next morning opened sunshiny and calm, and when James and the other men of his party met as usual on the foredeck before breakfast, they all wondered where Edward could be. Finally the bell sounded for the morning meal, and all repaired to the dining room.

"Edward must be taking an extra sleep this morning," remarked Helen, as she missed the young man.

The men looked at each other questioningly, and James finally said:

"None of us have seen Edward this morning, and we have been wondering where he could be."

"Edward is always the first to appear in the morning, and if no one has seen him, something must be the matter. I cannot eat until I am sure that he is well," said Helen, with much concern.



"I shall immediately make inquiries for him," said Francis, as he arose from the table. "Don't worry, Miss Griffin; he's all right and on board somewhere." And Francis got up to go in search of his young friend.

Captain Hardy, who was seated at another table, and narrowly watching the Griffin party, now arose and came forward.

"Good morning," he said; "you seem troubled. What has happened? Can I help you in any way?"

"One of our party, Edward Barry, has not yet shown up, and Mr. La Boule is going to look for him," answered James.

"Why, I saw him last evening on the upper deck, sitting by one of the small boats," said Captain Hardy. "He was dozing, and I warned him to be careful or he might fall asleep and pitch headlong into the sea."

The possibility of such an event created general alarm, and James, the professor, and Joe immediately went in different directions to see if he could be found. Captain Hardy also volunteered to help in the search.

"Well, I'm rid of one of them, anyway," muttered



Hardy to himself, when he was alone. "Only I wish it had been James Griffin instead of the kid. But he'll probably be the next one—he or Joe Farrell." And Hardy rubbed his hands and smiled triumphantly, in anticipation of his next victim. "The best of it is, that no one would ever think of suspecting me of being the cause of the lad's disappearance. Ah! go and look for him, you fools! He's food for the fishes before this—so he has done some good in the world anyway." And Hardy went to take a walk on deck.

Francis was the first to return to Helen. His face showed the alarm he felt for Edward's absence.

"No one remembers having seen him since last evening," he reported, "and I fear very much that something has happened to him."

A thorough search of the steamer was made by the crew and passengers. Every part of the boat was gone over, but no trace of Edward could be found. He had completely disappeared. It was with genuine grief that James and the others came to the conclusion that he had fallen overboard and was drowned. Helen could hardly realize that the bright young man, who had been so cheerful, happy



and obliging, was now dead! Tears came to her eyes, and she finally gave way to her feelings.

As the mysterious disappearance was discussed by the men, Joe remarked:

"It's curious that Captain Hardy was the last to see him. It appears to me that he seemed pleased, rather than cast down by the affair. I half suspect that he knows more about the disappearance of Edward than he pretends."

"Yes," said Francis, "why should he have come over to us this morning when I left and asked what was the trouble? We must look out for him! He'd be the last man in the world to warn Edward, as he says he did. It's more likely that he threw him overboard. You know Edward has been keeping an eye on Hardy, and it's possible that the captain was aware of it, and has revenged himself."

"I have been quietly studying the man," then remarked the professor, "and I am now sure that he is capable of almost any crime to secure his ends. He has some plans in his mind which he is going to carry out regardless of consequences. Whether it is to seek gold or to seek revenge, I cannot say; probably both. Why is he on the same boat with



us? Coincident? Perhaps, but I don't believe it. I feel that his presence here is part of some project he has in view. 'Tempus omnia revelat'—Time reveals all things. If he has not reformed, then he is full of revenge, and, you know, revenge is a debt, in the paying of which the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and, so far as he is able, punctual. I am fully in accord with the views of Francis and Joe."

James listened to the opinions of his friends, and their views coincided with his own on the subject. He had endeavored to make himself believe that Hardy was what he represented himself to be, but he could never quite do so.

Suspicious, however, were not evidence; and so nothing could be done but to watch and wait.

Several days passed, and nothing new transpired. Edward was not heard of, and he was given up for lost. Captain Hardy had endeavored to become more intimate with James, but in this he was not successful. James answered his direct questions in the fewest possible words, and the others did the same. He soon came to understand that he could not hope to get into the confidence of the Griffin



party, and thus carry out the treacherous plans he had in mind. He then began the use of drugs, to which he was addicted, instead of liquors. He had often used cocaine, and now since Edward's disappearance, he felt he must resort to some stimulant in order to ease his guilty mind. Although he realized that the after results would be terrible, he nevertheless plunged in, regardless of consequences. After a syringe, his sense of hearing became so enormously increased, or at least appeared so, that he thought he could hear flies walking on the walls. As he paced the deck of the vessel it seemed to him that everyone he met was saying: "There's the man who threw the boy overboard!" He soon thought they were pointing their fingers at him, and all repeating the accusation.

"It's a lie!" he finally shouted to his supposed accusers, and then he made a precipitate retreat to his stateroom. Here, in company with Jack Williams, Captain Hardy frequently indulged in his disastrous practice, against the protests of his partner, who saw that if they were to secure a fortune in Alaska, they must be on the lookout for some bold strike. Hardy soon began to accuse even Jack



of plotting against him, and threatened to blow his brains out if it was continued. This idea, of course, came from the effects of the cocaine.

It was not long before Hardy was so under the influence of the terrible drug that he began to imagine himself covered with worms. If he endeavored to brush them off, they scampered away in an instant—to some other part of his body, and then looked out at him with diamond-like eyes. Other hallucinations followed, but as soon as he recovered from the effects of the drug he laughed at his late fears, and then took another syringe, again throwing himself into a state of terror. Inanimate objects took on life, and everything seemed to threaten him. Assassins with knives and revolvers were standing in every corner ready to spring out at him. Edward's reproachful face was ever before him, and even when he covered his eyes he could not shut out the sight.

Thus the trip was spent by Captain Hardy.

On the other hand, James and his friends were passing the days as pleasantly as the loss of their young friend would permit. Their sorrow for Edward was great, but all grief that cannot in the



course of nature be helped, soon wears away. In some sooner, and others later, but it never continues for any length of time, for all unnecessary grief is unwise, and therefore will not long be retained by a sound mind.

Sunday morning was observed in a fitting manner by our party, and their thoughts went back to their dear church at home, where their kind pastor was officiating at the regular hour. In the afternoon they assembled again, and Professor Caldwell leading, they sang a few hymns. Twilight was now at hand, and as they gazed on the dark shades that were fast deepening into night, their thoughts returned to Edward, whose body they believed was being tossed about by the waves of the ocean miles away. The stillness of the hour was broken by the professor, who, after reciting a number of good deeds of Edward and mentioning his fine character, said that one so pure and holy must dwell on high.



## CHAPTER VII.

## EDWARD'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

What a rush of thoughts flashed through Edward's brain during the few seconds that intervened between his being thrown from the steamer by Captain Hardy and his touching the water! It seemed that every action of his life—many things that had entirely passed from his memory—rushed with lightning speed through his mind, before he felt himself strike the foamy waves cast up by the bow of the steamer! He had not even uttered a cry for help!

As he came to the surface he grasped his board tightly, and saw the steamer, as a great black object, swiftly pass him, and soon disappear in the darkness.

For a short time Edward endeavored to follow the direction in which the ship was going, but he soon saw the uselessness of this, and he then decided to husband his strength. As he thought over



his position, the utter hopelessness of it almost made him turn mad! The chances of his being rescued were so remote that he could expect to live but a few hours at most. But a reaction soon followed, and he then became strangely resigned. He wondered what James and the others would say and do when they found him missing, and it made him feel sad to think of their sorrow.

Fortunately, the sea was calm, so that he experienced no difficulty in retaining his hold upon the lifeboard. Thus the hours passed, and after what seemed an age, day finally dawned. Edward made a sweep of the ocean to see if there was any boat in sight, and he was suddenly surprised and delighted to observe a dark object low in the water a mile or more distant. He exerted all his strength to swim toward it, and soon came near enough to see that it was an ocean derelict. The hapless craft was water-logged, and almost awash. While a welcome sight to Edward, it was a dangerous obstruction to navigation. Edward soon swam alongside, and was greatly relieved to reach even so insecure a resting place, for he was nearly exhausted. He then looked about him. On the deck of the ship,



which was a sailing vessel, lay a number of barrels and boxes, and it appeared as though the crew had hastily taken what provisions they needed and left the wreck in the lifeboats. Edward was overjoyed to find that the boxes contained provisions, and that there was fresh water in one of the barrels. A dingey was also on board, near the stern, but it was partly filled with water. Edward wondered when the craft had been abandoned, and how much longer it would float. Although desperately tired and sleepy, he decided to provide for his safety first of all. He bailed out the little boat, provided himself with oars and all the stores and water that the frail craft would hold, and rowing some distance away, to be out of the suction of the ship if she should suddenly sink, he ate and drank and then lay down on the bottom and fell into a deep sleep. The sun was high in the sky when he awoke. He looked about for the wreck, but it was nowhere to be seen. Quite a sea was now running, and the ship had evidently been relieved of the air under her decks and sunk.

It made Edward feel quite lonely that the old hulk was gone, but he was grateful for what he consid-



ered a providential escape from immediate death. If no severe storm arose, he felt that there was some chance of his being rescued, as he was right in the path of many steamers plying between the States and Alaska, and if he met none of these he would row for shore, which he hoped to be able to reach at least by the next day.

While gazing over the waters, he suddenly beheld a strange sight, and at the same time heard a tremendous groan. It was a monster whale, not a hundred yards away, and Edward watched its movements. Suddenly it disappeared, but in a moment was at the surface again, and made a breach almost clear from the surface, spouting blood and water. While the whale was still in the air, a thrasher, a fish somewhat resembling a porpoise, also leaped from the water, and came down with tremendous force on the whale's back, before the leviathan went under. At the same time a saw-fish ran its ugly saw into the whale's side. With two such antagonists there was small chance for the whale, but he fought furiously, and three times made those mighty leaps into the air, each time spouting more blood than before. Then the whale,



evidently seeing that it was no match for the thrasher and the sawfish, made all possible haste to get away, but the two speedy and light fish followed, and the last seen of them the whale appeared to be losing strength and was less active.

Edward then took his bearings by the sun, and struck out manfully for the east. The Charlotte Islands were the nearest land, and these were sighted in a few hours, but at the same time he saw the smoke of a steamer far to the south.

It appeared that he was almost in the track of the approaching boat, and he rigged up a flag of distress to attract her attention, if she came within signaling distance.

In a remarkably short space of time the boat was in plain sight, and Edward rowed with all possible speed to intercept her. As she came nearer and nearer he was overjoyed to suddenly hear her great, deep whistle give forth several long blasts. He looked, and saw that she was slowing down, and that a boat was being lowered. He waved his arms joyfully, and then rowed to meet the approaching boat of the steamer.



"What's the trouble?" finally called out the man in charge of the ship's boat.

"I want to be taken aboard your steamer!" answered Edward.

"All right, my lad!" came the answer. "Just throw us your bowline, and be handy about it!"

Edward did as requested, and he was soon being towed along at a tremendous speed. As the boats reached the steamer, which was the *Queen*, they were quickly hoisted on the upper deck, and the gong signaled to the engineer to again get under full headway.

Edward was gazed at curiously by the passengers, and all were anxious to know how he came to be in such a predicament. But he was taken to the captain, and he asked to be allowed to speak to him alone.

As Edward's story was being told, the captain could hardly believe all that he heard, but he admired the bright young man, and there was no doubt in his mind that a great deal of what was said was true. The first officer was called in, and when the story was being told him by the captain, he exclaimed:





CAPTAIN HARDY, WHO WAS NARROWLY WATCHING THE GRIFFIN PARTY, NOW AROSE AND CAME FORWARD.  
—See page 52.







"James Griffin! Why, I know him well, and Joe Farrell, too! And what I hear concerning Captain Hardy is entirely consistent with his past record. Why, he was released a short time ago from prison! You are fortunate, young man, for having escaped death, as this is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. It will go hard with Captain Hardy if he can be convicted of this crime, but as no one saw him commit the deed, it will be difficult to hold him."

"Oh, if I could only let my friends know that I am alive!" cried Edward.

"Never mind about that, my lad. We shall be in Skaguay within a day of the Jeanette, and the Griffin party will still be there, or at Dyea, when we arrive."

It was with great impatience that Edward awaited the arrival of the Queen at Skaguay.

The news soon spread among the passengers that the new town of Skaguay would be reached by next day, and there was not one person on board who was not glad to land at the first point of interest on the journey to the gold fields. A large number of the passengers wished to be let off as near Dyea as



possible, so the captain of the *Queen* decided to land those who wished to disembark at Skaguay, and then proceed to Dyea, about five miles farther north.

At Skaguay inquiries were made regarding the Griffin party, and it was learned that they had just left with their supplies on a scow, for Dyea. Edward desired to get ashore and proceed there on foot, but the captain advised him to wait until he could go on the *Queen* or some other boat.

Edward went ashore to look at the bustling town. Many log houses were being constructed, and hundreds of tents lined the paths that were called streets.

Hundreds of men were leaving daily for the gold fields, and all manner of conveyances were in use for transporting their goods. Nobody was idle, and all appeared happy. These men, who were obliged to work all day, enjoyed their short periods of rest so much that it was a real pleasure. One who is never busy does not know what rest means.

Edward went among the men, and gave several of them a helping hand in loading their goods. He



felt that he must do something to pass away the time.

While thus employed, Edward was startled to hear a man exclaim in great surprise, not unmixed with horror:

“Jack, who is that! The newsboy, as sure as I live!”

Edward recognized the voice, and looked around, to see Captain Hardy and Jack Williams staring at him as though he were a ghost!



## CHAPTER VIII.

## OUR FRIENDS REACH ALASKA.

When the *Jeanette* arrived at Skaguay, James immediately secured a scow and by next morning the supplies of our party were being taken to Dyea. It was hard work for all the men and especially so for the professor and Francis, both of whom were unaccustomed to physical labor. But all were strong and energetic, and worked with a good will.

They congratulated themselves that they were rid of Captain Hardy, who had been ashore nearly all day.

They had made up their minds that under no circumstances would they allow the captain and his rough-looking companion to accompany them, and James was anxious to immediately push ahead and leave Captain Hardy far behind.

Dyea was not much of a town as yet, but it was full of fortune-seekers, who could not find sufficient



help to pack their outfits over the ice-capped mountains, which loomed up menacingly back of the village.

Mosquitoes were still plentiful during the day, and they were so industrious in presenting their bills, that Helen suffered greatly, which led the professor to make some remarks concerning them.

—“The mosquito’s bill,” he said, “minutely delicate as that organ is, is simply a tool-box in which are kept six separate surgical instruments—miniature blood-letting apparatus of the most perfect pattern. Two of these instruments are exact counterparts of the surgeon’s lance. One is a spear, with a double-barbed head. The third is a needle of exquisite fineness. A saw and a pump go to make up this wonderful complement of tools. The spear is the largest of the six, and is used in making the initial puncture. Next the lances are brought into play, their work causing the blood to flow more freely. In case this last operation fails to have the desired effect, the saw and the needle are carefully inserted in a lateral direction in the victim’s flesh. The pump, the most delicate instrument of the entire set, is used in transferring the blood to the insect, all



of which ought to make the mosquito an interesting creature."

"And all of which," said Helen, repeating the professor's last words, "will make me shiver every time I see one of them coming toward me."

"They won't last but a few days more," said the professor, "as the weather is getting colder rapidly now."

James soon made arrangements with four strong Chilkoot Indians to help do the packing to the head of water navigation. He also secured an Alaskan sled for his goats. These sleds are built of wood as light as is consistent with strength, and are lashed together with hide ropes, so that the whole framework will "give" readily, and not be easily broken by the constant rough usage to which they are subjected. The sled is from nine to ten feet long, and eighteen or twenty inches wide, with the runners one foot deep, shod with walrus ivory or strips of whalebone. The sides are about eighteen inches in height, and at the rear end of the sled are handles coming up high enough for a man to push and guide it without bending very much. There is a cover made of light drilling, which is spread in the bottom



of the sled, and large enough so that after the articles have been packed on snugly it hauls up over the load and the ends overlap on top. The load is then lashed the whole length of the side with hide thongs.

James saw a number of sleds with dogs attached, leaving with supplies for the north, and the sight did not impress him very favorably. It was not much like the pictures he had seen of traveling in Alaska, with a man seated comfortably on the sled cracking a long whip and the dogs galloping at ease. He saw that the poor little animals frequently had to be helped over rough places, and even when going up the slightest incline. One of the Indians ran ahead to guide the animals and several were pushing the sleigh to make it move at all.

So he congratulated himself that he did not have to depend on dogs to get his goods forward.

Francis called the professor's attention to the great length of the gun barrels of the Indians, especially of the older makes.

"I've heard about those guns," answered the professor; "in the early days the traders with the Indians gave the poor, untutored savages their rifles for a pile of furs laid flat that reached to the muzzle



of the weapon standing upright. Of course, these traders were greedy, and each year they made the gun barrels longer, until at last some of the Indians, after they had bought the weapons with their pelts, were compelled to borrow a file and cut off a foot or more of useless metal."

Accommodations were very scarce in Dyce, so our party pitched their tents, and for the first time experienced what was to be a regular mode of living.

The professor and Francis volunteered to secure tent poles, and with axes over their shoulders, started for the woods. They supposed that it would be an easy job and thought that the "woods were full of them," but they were mistaken. They finally found a ridgepole, however, and when they had cut it down they wondered how Gladstone could have enjoyed doing that work just for recreation. After the uprights were secured, each had a big load to carry, and then came the job of fastening the stayropes. But Joe came to the rescue, and soon the tent was up.

They were well supplied with furs, and Francis went out again and collected a lot of evergreen.



branches, on which the blankets were laid. Helen was made as comfortable as possible in her small tent, and the men occupied the large one.

"What are you trying to do, Professor?" asked Francis, as the professor looked at his compass before placing his blankets for the night.

"I'm going to sleep with my head to the north. I always slept that way at home, and have neglected doing so altogether too long."

"What for?" asked Francis, puzzled.

"For the simple reason that I think that was the way in which nature intended us to sleep. If the human body could be suspended in the air, hung like a magnetic needle, you would find it would act like one. The head of the body would eventually point toward the north. It might take time, but it would surely get there. I think that every person should sleep with the head to the north, to get the benefit of the magnetic currents that come from that direction."

"If you are sure it will not harm me," said Francis, smiling, "I'll try sleeping with my head to the north, too."

In the morning all felt well, and it seemed that



the outdoor air was strengthening, and conducive to a good appetite, for all ate heartily of the meal prepared by Helen and Joe, who insisted on helping Helen with the work. He had cooked his own meals so many years that he was quite handy in the kitchen.

James and Joe had rigged up an odd-looking vehicle in order to solve the question of more easily transporting their supplies along the narrow trails, to the head of water navigation. A wheel was made about five feet high, with handles some twelve feet long on each side under the axletree, and on each side of the wheel was built a framework, hung from the handles, on which could be carried over 500 pounds of provisions. A man in front and one behind could make good progress over comparatively level ground and when rough places were encountered, the goods could be taken off and carried in the ordinary manner. The unicycle was an excellent contrivance, as the wheel supported the load, and all the men had to do was to push and pull it forward.

The weather was beginning to get chilly, especially at night. The days were rapidly growing



shorter, and winter, with all its severity, would soon be upon them.

On the third day after the arrival of our party at Dyea, our friends were at the beach. Although a cold, raw wind was blowing, they were well-dressed and did not mind it, and while watching a steamer loading goods on lighters, they were attracted by a shout from the beach, and on looking they saw a young man on a scow waving his hat at them.

"Who can that be?" questioned Helen.

"I haven't the remotest idea," answered James, "but he seems to know us."

But Joe, who had eyes like a telescope, and whose vision had not been made short by living in cities, exclaimed:

"It's Edward, as sure as I live!"

"Nonsense, Joe," returned James. "Impossible! We can hardly distinguish the figure, much less the features!"

But Joe had looked again sharply, and calling out, "It's Edward!" he ran toward the beach. Knowing that he had keen eyesight, all hands made haste to the water's edge to see if it were really true.

Sure enough, there on a boat stood Edward, alive



and well, and smiling. Joe yelled a greeting of "Hello, Edward!" and James and Helen and the others heard him answer: "Hello, Joe! How are you all?" and then as the others came near enough he shouted to each one, and as soon as the boat got into shallow water he jumped off and waded ashore. As Joe got through hugging him, he was greeted warmly and affectionately by the others.

"By all the Arabian Nights tales," said the professor, as he grasped Edward's hands, "how did you come to life again?"

Edward related how he had been thrown overboard by Captain Hardy and Jack Williams, and how he had been saved.

"Captain Hardy shall answer for his actions," said James, as he realized again with horror the character of his old enemy. "I do not understand how a man could commit such an act."

"*'Homo homini lupus,'* man is a wolf to man," said the professor, "and Captain Hardy seems to be a wolf if ever there was one."

"If he were now here," said Joe savagely, "I think I should be tempted and justified in shooting him on the spot. There are no courts here, and so we



must act for ourselves when any crime is committed."

"Let us first be thankful," said Helen, "that Edward is alive and with us again, and leave Captain Hardy to his guilty conscience."

"Helen is right," said James, "but I hope Captain Hardy will forever hereafter keep out of our sight."



## CHAPTER IX.

## OFF FOR THE GREAT CHILKOOT PASS.

When Captain Hardy saw Edward standing there before him, he was stunned. He could not understand how "the newsboy," whom he had cast overboard out in the ocean on a dark night, could be there in Skaguay, alive, and apparently none the worse for his experience.

Captain Hardy knew that he was now in a country where lawless acts would not be tolerated. Every man there constituted himself a policeman, also a judge, and a long trial with an able lawyer to get him free on some technicality, was not yet a part of the civilization of the district.

He concluded that it was best to get out of sight and keep quiet, and he therefore walked away as quickly as possible, and his partner slunk after him.

Captain Hardy was now dejected and almost discouraged. All his plans so far had come to naught.



He began to think that it was useless to attempt to triumph over James and his friends, but he was in desperate straits, and must do something. Instead of attempting to make an honest living, his thoughts again reverted to schemes of getting possession of other people's property, although he realized that it might mean his death if he were detected. He had little money, and but a small amount of provisions, still he could have done well at that time by remaining right where he was and going to work, or he could have made big money by helping the goldseekers in getting their outfits forward. But his dislike for work, and his hatred of James and his friends, were equally great. He had his choice to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely; to draw his life over a large space, or to condense it into a narrow one; but when it was finished he could have no more. Captain Hardy chose the short life method; he would rather take his chances for a year of ease and plenty, at any sacrifice, than a long period of honest toil, and the opportunity to gain merit in the sight of God.

Edward looked after the retreating figures of Captain Hardy and his companion, with feelings of



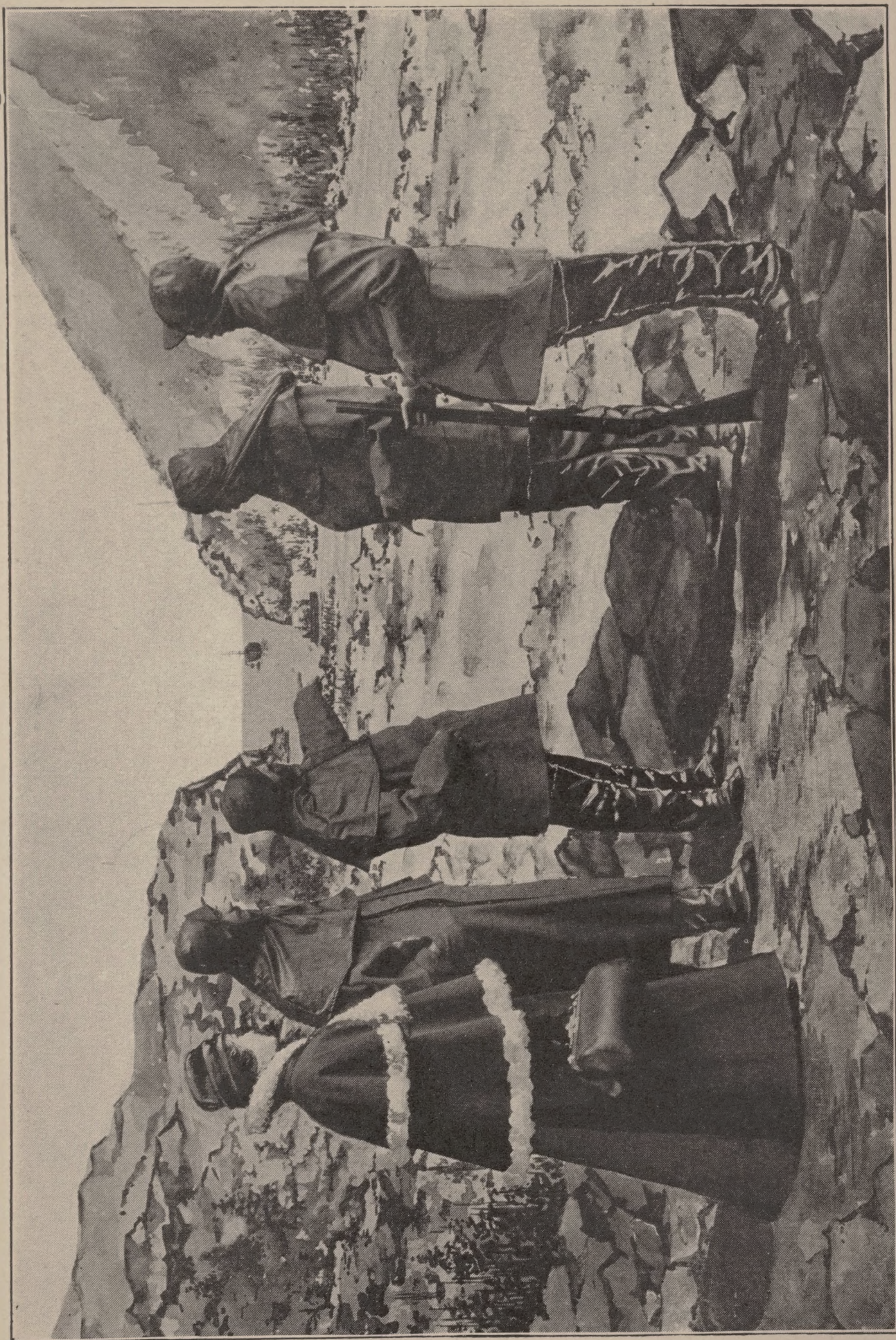
compassion. He regretted that these two men should be so steeped in crime as to be almost beyond redemption. Edward thought how different it all might be with them if they had been honest and true! They could both have been with James Griffin and proceeding peacefully and happily to their destination. They could have helped each other in distress and cheered those in sorrow. But now they were despised and distrusted by all who knew them, and they were even liable to arrest and a long term of imprisonment for their late act.

Edward was recalled to himself by the blowing of a whistle in the bay, and returned to the steamer. A party of men had just made their arrangements with a scow owner to take their goods to Dyca, and Edward was given permission to accompany them. So, bidding good-bye to the captain and the others whom he had come to know so well on board, he was soon on his way to James and his friends.

After Edward had joined his companions there was nothing wanting to complete their happiness, and after a short delay they again began to prepare for their journey overland.

While anxious to push on to their destination,





"IT'S EDWARD, AS SURE AS I LIVE!" EXCLAIMED JOE.—See page 75.







James decided that it would be best to take it easy at first, so as to toughen themselves gradually and keep themselves in good health.

While the professor, Francis and Edward were taking down their tent and packing their goods, they were accosted by a rollicking son of the Emerald Isle, and he soon had everyone laughing. He had a wooden leg, and he was so droll in his remarks that he was bound to have a good time, even though he didn't find an ounce of gold. Helen, James and Joe were attracted by the noise of the merriment, and after several passes between Pat and the professor, who always relished talking to a witty Irishman, the professor asked:

"Say, Pat, are you related to the Irishman who declared that the moon is more useful than the sun, because it shines at night, when it is needed?"

"Sure an' Oi am. He was me brother. He was wan of th' smartest men Oi iver knew. He was onct arristed for stalin' a pig, and three witnesses testified that they saw him take it, but he got free, anyway."

"How did he manage it?" asked the professor.

"Aisy enough. He got six witnesses to swear



that they didn't see him stale it," answered Pat, triumphantly.

"How do you like tent life in Alaska?" asked the professor.

"It isn't much loike a hotel Oi stayed at wan night in Seattle," answered Pat. "Iverything there was handy. Yez didn't have to go down to th' river loike here to get a drink of wa-ater, but they had it roight in yer room—hot and cold. Sure an' it was a wonderful place, Oi till yez, all but wan thing. They kipt th' loight burnin' all night in me bid-room, an' it hurt me oiyes."

"Why didn't you blow it out?" asked the professor.

"Oi tried it, sor, iveryway, but th' loight was in-soide of a bottle, an' Oi couldn't git at it!"

"It must have been an incandescent light," said the professor, smiling.

"No, sor; there was no 'can' about it; it was a bottle loight." And then he added: "Are yez people goin' to sthop at th' nixt sthopping place?"

"No," answered the professor, "we are going by the next place we stop at."

"Are yez railly goin' to sthop sthoppin' at th'



nixt sthop you go by? It's different with me; I have to sthop quite often, as me wooden lig isn't as good as the other, but it saved me loife onct, and it has always bin dear to me since."

"How was that?" ventured the professor.

"Well, Oi don't moind tillin' yez. Ye see, it was this way: I shipped before th' mast about tin years ago, in a trading vessel on a cruise among th' South Sea Oilands. While siveral of us ware on shore on an oisland, lookin' fur frish fruit, we ware captured by a band of cannibals, but they could talk and understand English. Ye see, missionaries had been there, but they got toired of thim and foinally killed an' ate thim. They intinded to have a faste on us, too, but wan day whin the chief came around to see if we ware gittin' in proime condition, Oi towld him that we ware too tough to ate, and Oi said that if he ate me he would get sick, an' then Oi raised up me trousers, and cut off a pace of me cork lig for him to taste. He made a boite into it, and not bein' able to chew it, he went back to his friends, and they all took a boite at it. Well, they lit us go, and we got back to the ship all roight."

"You'll do, Pat," said the professor, "but do you



think you can make your way through all right, crippled as you are?"

"Sure, an' Oi can," answered Pat. "Yez may not belave it, but whin Oi was livin' in St. Louis Oi used to shwim across th' river three toimes ivery mornin' before breakfast."

"Did you swim with your clothes on?" asked the professor.

"Surtainly not," answered Pat. "Oi kept me clothes on the river bank."

"Pat," said the professor, "you compel me to take that swimming record 'cum grano salis' (that's an expression the Romans used when the soup was too salty)."

"Yez do me gr-reat injustice," answered Pat.

"See here, Pat, you say you swam across three times every morning. I figure out that in doing so you would always leave your clothes on the opposite side of the river."

"Niver moind about that, me frind," answered Pat, "Oi must have made a mistake about the number, that's awl. But don't fear fur me, gintlemen. Bless the Lord Oi have wan good lig lift, and Oi niver found it necessary to bate me way. One day



Oi asked a lady fer a dinner. She said she would give me somethin' to ate if Oi'd bate her carpet. 'Lady,' Oi answered, 'Oi'm a poor cripple, an' I'm hungry, but Oi'm honest, and Oi'm not goin' to begin at this late day a-batin' me way through the world.' Well, gintlemen, Oi must be a-goin'. A man down town wanted me to do a job quick for him. Oi said Oi would get it finished if Oi wurked awl night. In the mornin' he asked me if I was through. 'No,' says Oi. 'But,' says he, 'you said you'd have it done if you wurked awl night.' 'Yis,' says Oi, 'but Oi didn't wur-ruk all night!' " And then he added:

"What part of the country did yez come from?"

"From San Francisco," answered the professor,

"Is that so? Whin Oi was there th' last time, Oi losht a nickel on wan of the strates. It wint betwane th' cracks in th' sidewalk, and we tore up a grate many boards, but couldn't foind it. Did yez ever hear of its being found?"

"When was that?"

"About tin years ago."

"Here it is," answered the professor, taking a coin out of his pocket. "I found it just after you



left, and have been looking for the owner ever since."

"Thank you," said Pat, with great delight, as he took the coin. "Yez a gintleman, yez are, and Oi may call on yez again befor' ye go."

"A hundred thousand welcomes if you do, or as your ancestors would have said it, 'cead mille failthe,' " said the professor.

"Thank ye, thank ye," and whistling merrily, Pat hobbled away, and was soon lost to view.

There being but little snow on the ground as yet, it would be impossible to depend on the goats to do much hauling, so the Indians and the unicycle were loaded and all the members of our party except Francis started up the trail. It was decided that Francis should look after the remainder of the provisions, until the others returned. For miles ahead, the trail was dotted with men packing their outfits. The Indians carried big loads, as they were strong and accustomed to the work, and James, Joe, the professor and Edward followed. Helen, too, carried a number of articles that she would need in preparing the next meal, and she started off as joyous as a bird.



Francis didn't much like being idle when there was so much to do, and all the others were working, but it was arranged that he was to accompany them on the next trip, while one of the others watched the provisions.

For several hours Francis remained near the outfit, getting everything in shape to facilitate packing for the next trip, and when he saw that all was in good order he took a stroll into Dyea to watch the arrival of other gold seekers. It was an interesting sight, and the feverish haste with which the men prepared to go forward, would lead one to suppose that their very lives depended upon their getting to Dawson City in the shortest possible time.

Francis did not notice that two men were watching him from a distance, and following him to where the provisions were located. They saw that he was alone, and there was a triumphant look in their eyes as they watched him from behind some hills a few hundred yards distant.

These men were Captain Hardy and Jack Williams, who had arrived at Dyea during the day, and, seeing Francis, immediately began planning to get possession of the provisions of our party.



## CHAPTER X.

## WHAT HAS BECOME OF FRANCIS?

The trip of James and his party to the foot of Chilkoot Pass was a great novelty, and in many respects a pleasant journey. The air, filled with ozone, made their pulses bound; they felt the life and motion about them, and admired the universal beauty. The trail was lined with Indians, adventurers, and gold seekers, and here and there was encountered a man discouraged and returning to the States. These disheartened men had arrived at the great rocky barriers, and, through fatigue, homesickness, or change of mind, were now as anxious to get home as they had formerly been to go to Alaska. Several successful Klondykers, who were returning home with their hard-earned gold dust, were also met. Among them were two young fellows who counted their wealth up into the thousands of dollars. They had been in Alaska for sev-



eral years, and although under thirty years of age, and grand, strong six-footers, they had paid the penalty of their getting a fortune. They both walked like men over forty years old, with gray hairs about their temples, and a serious, determined look in their faces. But where two men were successful, there were a hundred who were poorer, besides being broken in health.

Seeing these empty-handed Klondykers returning, led the professor to remark:

"Many persons seem to think that the Alaskan gold fields show unmistakable signs of incircumscriptibleness. They find, to their chagrin, however, that such is not the case."

James conversed with all the people he met, and drew his own conclusions from their tales of riches or woe.

There were also distressing scenes witnessed. Many were their own pack-horses, for the reason that they had not the money to hire help. Probably nowhere else in the world were such scenes ever witnessed. Until James went to Alaska, he never saw a harness made for a man. It was an arrangement of breast and shoulder straps, with a wooden frame,



and canvas for the back. Upon this frame is packed a varied assortment of supplies. It is surprising what a great amount of goods a man can thus carry. Besides, he even has a load in one hand, while with the other he uses a staff, to keep from sinking in some bog, or to balance himself in crossing some stream on a slippery log. Loaded down in such a manner, it would be thought a severe task even for a man inured to hard work, but many such were professional men, who had not done a day's physical labor in years, forgetting their grammar, but learning profane language instead. Of course, at first, they thought they must die, and almost wished they could, but they finally became hardened, and at last could even joke over their hardships.

It was also a day of toil for our friends. James and Joe worked hard propelling the unicycle, and the professor and Edward looked after and aided the goat team.

Our party finally arrived at the Scales, an extremely interesting spot. It is the last resting place before beginning the ascent of Chilkoot Pass on the northern journey. Looking up at the great moun-



tains, and to think of getting one's supplies over the rocks and glaciers, is discouraging, indeed.

It was decided that James and Helen should remain at the Scales, while Joe, the professor and Edward returned for the next load of goods; so in the morning, good-byes were said, and our three friends started on the return trip to Dyea, about seventeen miles distant.

After going several hours they took a rest, and ate their luncheon.

After a pleasant chat, our friends again continued their march; and finally arrived in Dyea. Joe and Edward cheered lustily when they came in sight of their camping ground, but there was no answering shout from Francis. As they drew nearer they found that most of their provisions were gone, and Francis was nowhere to be seen.

Edward ran down to Healy's store to make inquiries. Francis had been there the afternoon before, but no one had seen him since. A thorough search was made, but not a trace of him could be found. Even Pat, the jolly Irishman, had not seen him that day, although he had come up on his wooden leg to have a sociable chat. The disorder



in which the few remaining goods lay, and the absence of their companion, caused general alarm, and Joe soon came to the conclusion that robbery, or perhaps murder, had been committed! Where could Francis be? And who had carried off most of their supplies?



## CHAPTER XI.

## FRANCIS' TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Francis, as he prepared to make himself comfortable for the night, was unconscious that Captain Hardy and his partner were watching his every movement from a distance.

There was little to fear, either from robbers or from wild beasts, so Francis felt perfectly at ease. No one at Dyey had so far made complaint of robbery, and every man went about the work of forwarding his supplies, as though the inhabitants of Alaska were known to be perfectly honest. It was not thought that any man of Captain Hardy's kind had arrived.

There were many opportunities for the captain to steal unprotected supplies, but he preferred to secure those of the Griffin party, so as to cripple them, and, he hoped, prevent them from going forward, for a time at least.



From their hiding-place the captain and his partner watched Francis making preparations for the night, and after they felt sure that he was asleep, Captain Hardy proceeded carefully forward, followed by Williams.

Stealthily they crept upon their victim, and cautiously opening the flap of the canvas Francis had raised for protection, they saw him lying on some furs. Quietly they entered, and taking a strong rope, which they had brought with them, and a piece of cloth, they placed the latter over his face to prevent an outcry, and quickly proceeded to bind Francis with the rope, as he lay struggling. Francis awoke suddenly, his first thought being that he was in the embrace of a bear, as he could not move his arms. Then he felt himself being gagged, and realized that it was the work of human beings. He attempted to cry out, but could not utter a sound. He struggled desperately, but could do no more than roll over. He was bound hand and foot!

"No use struggling so, my fine fellow," he heard a voice say, a voice which sounded familiar. "Take hold of his legs, Jack," said the same voice, "and we shall soon get him out of the way."



Were they going to throw him into the water, or over some precipice? were the first thoughts of Francis, and in his agony of mind he again endeavored to make an outcry, but could not. Francis felt himself being carried over the uneven ground, and thinking he had but a few hours more to live, he determined to spend them in making his peace with God.

"A pretty heavy load, eh, Jack?" remarked Hardy. "Were it gold we are carrying, it would not be so bad, but if this were James Griffin we had here, I think I would prefer it to the biggest nugget ever unearthed. I'd like to have him bagged and throw him over that high cliff into the ocean as the jailors did with Edmund Dantes, but I'd make sure that he never came to the surface again."

"That voice!" thought Francis. "Why, it is Captain Hardy's! Thank heaven it is not James they have here instead of me! But what can he mean to do? I never did him any harm."

Francis had not long to wonder, for he was soon dropped near the shore among some rocks, and then Captain Hardy said:

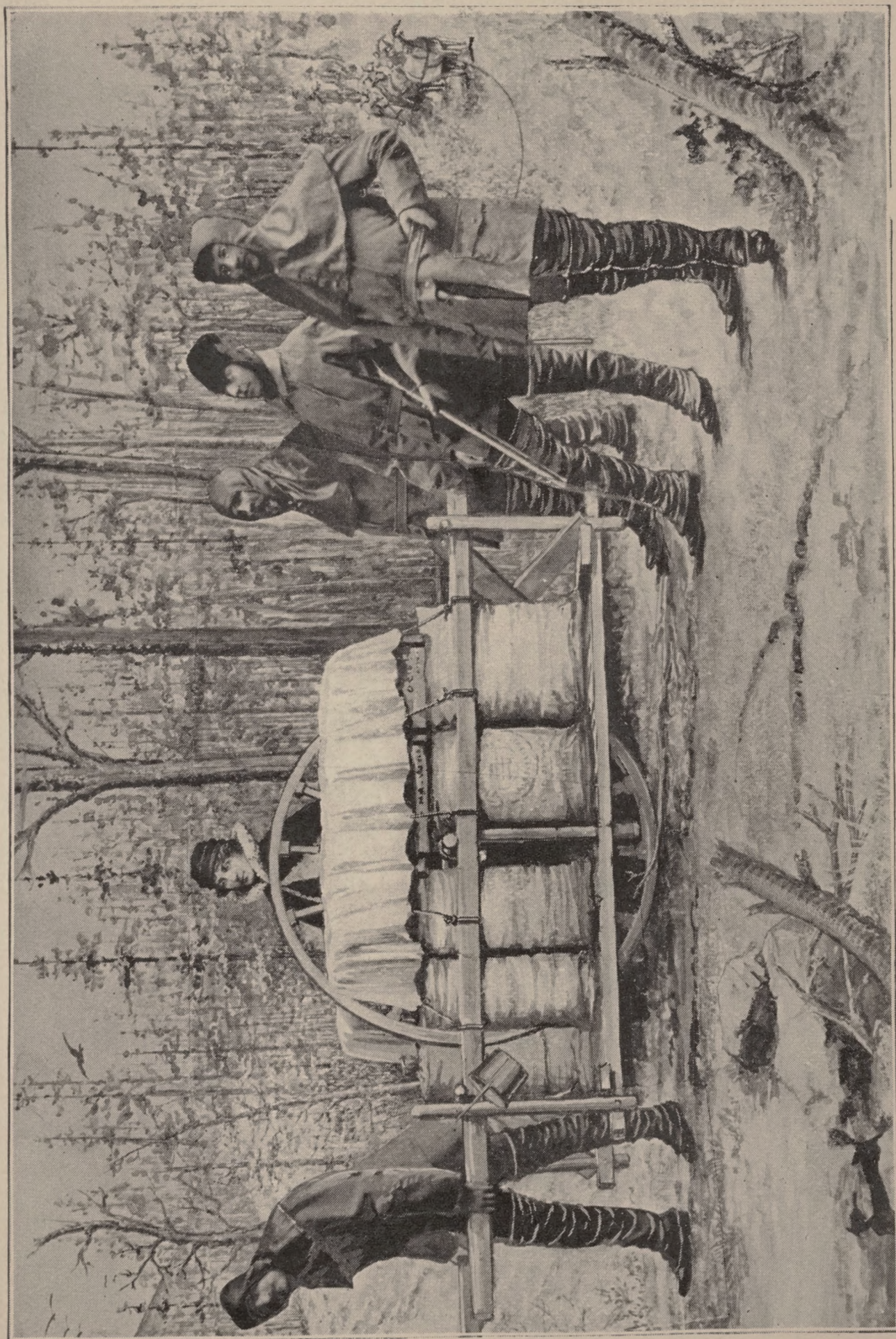
"You may blame James Griffin for your present



misfortunes, and if you should die here, as is very likely, you will at least have plenty of time to prepare yourself for the next world. You probably have some money in your coat pocket, which it would be useless to leave with you," and loosening the bindings around the shoulders, Captain Hardy searched the inside pockets of Francis' coat and soon found a pocketbook containing several hundred dollars.

Captain Hardy was highly pleased with the find, and rebinding Francis securely, the two men hurriedly departed. They immediately went to where the supplies were left, and soon removed most of them to a different location. Then they went to the village, and, although late in the evening, they engaged half a dozen Indians to take their supplies across the mountains to the Skaguay trail the first thing in the morning. The distance across was about seven or eight miles, but as that district was practically untraveled, it was quite an undertaking. Captain Hardy gave a satisfactory excuse for so unusual a proceeding, saying that he expected to meet friends, but that he had just come to the conclusion that they were to go by the Skaguay trail,





JAMES AND JOE PROPELLED THEIR UNICYCLE AND THE PROFESSOR AND EDWARD LOOKED AFTER THE  
GOAT TEAM.—See page 90.







which runs almost parallel with the Dyea trail, about ten miles apart. They join each other at the foot of Lake Linderman.

Let us return to Francis, who was lying bound and gagged, nearly a mile from where the supplies had been left. After his abductors had departed, he made every effort to release himself, but soon realized that it was impossible. He lay there for hours, meditating over his terrible position, and the frightful prospect of dying of hunger, thirst or cold. But at last nature asserted herself, and Francis fell asleep.

When he awoke, early in the morning, he was stiff and lame, and as he again realized his position, and the hopelessness of his ever being discovered, the thought almost drove him mad.

"Must I, yet so young, die so miserable a death?" he asked himself. "No, I must release myself some way," and he tugged at his bonds with all his strength. It was of no use, but just then he felt the handle of his knife in his pocket. Oh, if he could only get it out and cut the rope that bound him! He severely lacerated his arms in trying to free them, but he could do nothing. He then seriously thought of everything he had ever read or heard of in an en-



deavor to suggest to his mind some method of escape. Finally there flashed to his view an athletic contest he had once seen, in which a number of men were tied up in bags around the legs and neck, as he was, and then he saw them start on a race. Some went off on jumps, and made great headway, while others fell, and not being able to get up, rolled over and over, and finally covered the distance. Why could he not do the same? But first he must get the cloth from his eyes, which he partially accomplished by rubbing his head against a rock.

Francis made an effort to get on his feet. He was in a little hollow, and could not do so. He then tried rolling, which he was able to do until he came to some rocks, which barred his progress. After a great deal of moving about, Francis finally succeeded in getting on his feet, but he was so tied up that he could hardly see or move. He made several jumps, and was ready to shout for joy at his progress, when he struck a stone and fell over, severely hurting himself. Nothing daunted, he continued his efforts, and after half an hour was again on his feet. He found it difficult to retain his balance, but by careful work he made some headway, and calcu-



lated that by night he might be able to reach Dyea. So on he struggled, sometimes jumping, sometimes rolling over and over. He was hungry and thirsty, and greatly fatigued, besides being terribly bruised. He had fallen on his arms on the sharp rocks so often, that they and his shoulders were very sore. By noon he had gone half the distance, and while resting on a rock, looking around as best he could, he saw in the distance Joe, the professor and Edward, standing near where he had been bound in his sleep. He attempted to shout for joy, but nothing but a gurgle escaped his lips. Oh, if he could only let them know of his whereabouts! The sight caused Francis to redouble his efforts. He jumped, fell, rolled and struggled along, until he was almost exhausted. Slowly, but surely, he was lessening the distance between them!

At last, standing up where the ground now sloped toward their camp, Francis saw that he was noticed! But would they recognize him tied up as he was? Still, they saw him, and their curiosity was awakened.

Joe's sharp eyes were the first to see the strange



sight, but he could not imagine what it was that was alternately jumping and rolling on the ground.

The professor watched the object some time, and then remarked:

"Looks as though it might be a sea lion; but what would it be doing away up there? Most remarkable thing I ever saw," continued the professor, as the object made a few jumps and again fell at full length among the rocks.

"Shall I go up and see what it is?" asked Edward, who was quite curious to learn what the object was.

"Let us all go," suggested Joe. "Get your revolvers ready, in case of need, as there is no telling what it may be."

In less than ten minutes they were very near Francis. Joe shouted to the tied-up figure, asking what was the matter, but there was no answer. The figure only made desperate efforts to get to them.

"Who are you and what is the matter?" shouted the professor. "Can we do anything for you?"

Still no answer came, but the figure fell over and lay quite still. Francis in his agony had fainted!

Our friends approached near enough to see the



ghastly and bruised face and disheveled hair, and then Joe, with choking voice, cried:

“It’s Francis! How came he in such a position?”

His bonds were quickly cut, and eager hands rubbed his arms and body, and soon he opened his eyes, and seeing he was rescued, he again became unconscious. Joe took Francis in his arms, and, with the help of the others, carried him to Dyea, where he soon recovered sufficiently to relate his story.



## CHAPTER XII.

## JAMES HEARS OF EDWARD'S FATHER.

Let us return to James, who, with Helen and the Indian packers, were to remain at the Scales while the others went to Dyea for another load of provisions and would not be back until late in the evening under the most favorable circumstances.

There were many people there taking a well-earned rest, and left their tents pitched until they could get their supplies over the Chilkoot Pass. This required several trips, as each man was supposed to have at least one thousand pounds of provisions, and the Canadian authorities enforced this rule.

James' intention was to have the Indians get the supplies over the pass by the time the next load arrived, and after each of them had begun the ascent, his attention was attracted to a tent near by where a fortune-seeker was said to be quite sick.



"Poor fellow!" remarked a man, who was walking away, "I'm afraid he's nearly done for. It doesn't seem as though he could live much longer."

"Who is it that is ill?" asked James.

"Oh, a fellow that's bound for the interior somewhere. He'd been to Dyea for some supplies, and he has a partner away off to the northwest, toward the Copper river country. He's been lying sick with typhoid fever for about a week, and though he hopes soon to be well, 'pears to me he's failing rapidly."

James' heart went out to any person who was in misfortune, especially in such a district as Alaska, and he naturally went to where the sick man was, to see if he could offer help, or at least consolation. As James entered, he immediately took the sick man's hand. The invalid smiled gratefully, and James asked:

"My friend, can I do anything for your comfort?"

"Thank you for the offer, but so far I have suffered for nothing. I have been expecting to go forward again every day, but I'm afraid that I am failing instead of getting better."

"If you will permit me I will have my sister come



over and prepare your meals. She would be glad to do this to one in distress."

James returned to his own tent and informed Helen of the sick man's needs, and she hastily accompanied her brother to the invalid.

The poor fellow gave his name as Albert Nugent, and said that he was nearly forty years old. He watched Helen as she made the tent more orderly and proceeded to prepare a warm meal for him. It reminded him of home, when his own sister, a young lady like Helen, had once waited on him when he was down with a fever. James chatted cheerfully with the sick man, and his spirits rose wonderfully, but he continued weak.

At noon Helen brought him over a dish of hot soup, and he ate quite heartily.

Under the influence of the warmth of the tent and the appetizing spread, he became communicative, and confidentially related to James his previous work and future plans in Alaska.

"I want to talk to you, because I fear that I am not very long for this world," remarked the sufferer.

"Nonsense, my friend," returned James. "We'll



have you up and well and on your way within a week."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Griffin," he answered. "I thank you for your kinds words and attention, but I have overworked myself, and this, together with the hardships I have undergone, has broken me down. I feel that I shall not be able to return to my partner, who will be waiting for me and for the supplies I have here. He's hard at work, and I do not know what will become of him if I do not get back soon. You see, we made a pretty rich find, when our provisions began to run low, and I took what nuggets we had picked up out of the dirt, and went to Dyea for more supplies. I felt myself running down in health all the time, and here I am, failing rapidly. Many times I was compelled to drink water that was unfit to use unless boiled. I have great confidence in you, Mr. Griffin, and I wish to entrust to your care what provisions I have here and all my maps and directions, and I wish you could in some way send them to my partner, William Barry."

"William Barry!" exclaimed James. "One of our



party is Edward Barry, and he is looking for his father. I wonder if they are the same?"

"My friend Barry has a son named Edward, who lives in Seattle, and when I was in Dyea I mailed a letter to him, in care of his uncle."

"It is surely Edward's father," said James. "He is now at Dyea, and I expect him back here by to-night. He will be delighted to hear of his father, as will also Joe Farrell, who was a former partner of Mr. Barry's."

"I've heard Mr. Barry speak of Joe Farrell many times, and he must be a fine fellow. I am glad that I fell in with you people, for now I am sure you will go to his relief, for I cannot do so." And here the sufferer experienced a spell of weakness which James for a while thought would terminate fatally. But he rallied again, and was soon able to speak. "I struck up a partnership with Barry shortly after he and Joe Farrell parted company, and we went up Forty-mile creek, and not finding pay dirt, continued across the mountains to Tanana river, expecting that if we did not strike anything, to build a boat and go down to the Yukon again. But when we got there we heard that there was gold in the Cop-



per river country, and we kept on south, over the Razor Back divide, until we found a place where there was pay dirt, and plenty of water. Our provisions running out, we figured that the best route for me was to cut right across the country east until I struck one of the trails between Dyea and Dawson City. I encountered almost incredible hardships, and struck this trail just as my provisions were gone. I got to Dyea all right, and purchased everything I needed, but for a week I have been growing worse every day. I still had hopes until this morning, when I suddenly realized in what a weakened condition I was. Let me take your hand, Mr. Griffin. I feel that I cannot last much longer, and since I met you I am perfectly resigned. I have neither kith nor kin to worry over me."

James and Helen and several others did all in their power to console the dying man, for now they realized that the poor faithful fellow was really fatally ill. James remained with him all afternoon, but much of the time he was unconscious. In his lucid moments he lay looking at a certain passage in the Bible, and murmuring a well-known prayer, expired.



When the news spread about the camps that Death had claimed a victim, several men prepared a grave on the side of a gentle slope, and after the interment James erected a cross over the mound to mark the last resting place of Albert Nugent, who had gone like hundreds of others in search of gold in Alaska.

James looked anxiously for the appearance of the professor, Francis, Joe and Edward.

The Indian packers had been hard at work during the day, and nearly all of the provisions were over the Pass, and while they went to rest James told Helen that he would go a mile or so down the trail to meet his friends, whom he felt sure must now be quite near.

He had not gone far before he saw a man coming along at a rapid pace, and as he came nearer he recognized the familiar figure of his old friend, Joe Farrell.

"What is the matter, Joe? Where are the others?" asked James, with some misgivings, as he saw the serious look on Joe's face.

"Francis is very sick!" said Joe, as a beginning in the story of their misfortunes, and which he



rightly thought would make the loss of the provisions of less account. "And what do you think, James! Captain Hardy has got away with nearly all our provisions!"

"Good heavens, Joe, has Captain Hardy injured Francis? Quick, tell me!"

"Captain Hardy and his partner surprised Francis at night, tied and gagged him, and carried him off in the mountains to die, and then had our goods taken away! But Francis finally succeeded in getting within our sight, bound as he was, and nearly dead, and we took him to Dyea. As soon as he was resting easily I hurried to you! We think Captain Hardy has cut across the country to the Skaguay trail."

"We must first get Francis on his feet, and then secure more provisions and hurry forward. To-day, I heard of Edward's father, and we must go to his relief."

It was now Joe's turn to be surprised.

"From William Barry!" he exclaimed, "why, I feared that he had died long ago."

James related the events of the day, and Joe was



also anxious to push on to the relief of his old partner.

"Let Captain Hardy go for the present," said James. "While he should be punished for his crimes, we must think of the living first. I hope he will keep out of our way."

James and Joe returned to camp and informed Helen of this new misfortune, but she was only worried over Francis, whose many fine qualities she greatly admired. It was decided that they should remain until morning, pay off the Indians, cache their provisions, and quickly return to Dyea to look after Francis and purchase what supplies they would need, in addition to those Albert Nugent had left them.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## CURIOUS INCIDENTS ON THE TRAIL.

Early next morning James, Joe and Helen started on their return trip to Dyce, and arrived there without trouble in the afternoon. It was a happy reunion.

They found Francis sitting up and feeling quite well, but he was badly bruised and sore all over his body and limbs.

"I am thankful, James, that it was not you," said Francis, "for had it been, Captain Hardy would have tied a rock to your body and cast you into the water, and death would have been certain. I shall be able to be about in a day or two, and the loss of our provisions is not so serious as it might be. If we are forever rid of those base men we should be thankful. They must come to a bad end soon."

James informed Edward of the news of his father, and the young man was much affected. He called



at the postoffice to see if the letter addressed to him at Seattle was still there, but it had gone. Edward then wrote to his uncle the news of his father, and their intention to go to his relief. James also wrote a long letter to his father in Paris, giving him a minute description of where they were going to the relief of William Barry.

Edward was now anxious to immediately push ahead, and if he had not been repeatedly warned by James and the others, he would soon have worked himself to death.

Additional supplies were purchased and two Indian packers secured, and next morning all of our friends, except Francis, were again on their way north.

Francis was told to remain until the next trip, by which time he would be able to accompany them.

They had hardly reached Finnigan's point when it began to snow heavily. The wind also blew terrifically, and James gave the order to pitch their tents and get themselves comfortably housed until the blizzard should pass over.

"What's the matter, Professor?" asked Joe, as he





FRANCIS FELT HIMSELF BEING CARRIED OVER THE UNEVEN GROUND.—See page 95.







saw his friend looking at the ground with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Well, I was just wondering how I was to drive stakes into the frozen ground, so as to hold up the tent."

"We'll have to get a couple of logs alongside and drive nails into them to fasten our ropes on," answered Joe. "Come along with an axe and your blood will soon be on a jump through your body."

They went up the side of a hill and soon cut down several trees, and let them roll to the place selected for a camp. The tents were soon up, the ground cleared of snow and a fire built in their sheet iron stove. With the howling wind outside and the red-hot stove within, it seemed to everyone that there was not a more cheerful place on earth than where they were.

When an Alaskan blizzard sets in there is nothing to do but to wait until it is over. It is impossible to travel with safety, and besides, it is disagreeable, and so little progress is made that one might just as well take a rest. The day was passed in telling stories, discussing the prospects of their trip, and examining the maps left to James by Albert Nugent. James



was determined to push right on to where Edward's father was supposed to be.

In the morning, as our friends crawled out of their sleeping bags, they found the snow piled up all around their tents, and the air was biting and frosty. The water, which had been hauled up from the river the night before, was now almost solid ice, and the morning toilet could not be made until a hot fire was built and water secured. Helen finally prepared breakfast, which all thought was a feast fit for a king.

The blizzard was still raging and the wind pounded on their tents as though a hundred men were outside with clubs, endeavoring to break the canvas. But there was a grandeur and picturesqueness about it that fully compensated the lover of nature for all the physical discomforts that he had to endure. Toward noon the storm blew over and the sky was again free of clouds.

The tents were taken down, and James gave the order "Forward!" the professor shouted "En avant!" and the goat team, the unicycle and the Indians began to move. The progress now was much slower on account of the snow, and it was



evening when Sheep Camp was reached. Here tents were again pitched for the night.

While sitting in their tent after supper, Edward remarked that it would be a treat if they could have a recent newspaper. During the months that he had sold newspapers in Seattle he had become a regular reader, and really missed the news of the day.

"To me," said the professor, "it is a relief to be rid of them. I am thankful that I can for a time go my undisturbed way without reading the daily babel of the newspapers. I sincerely sympathize with the man who is compelled to take in the diurnal pabulum of the world's news. A large percentage is lies, and they are dished up to us in a black and nauseating dose. Is it of any benefit to the brain, and does it add to our intelligence to daily read of murders, divorces, robberies, prize fights, politics and domestic sensations? One thing is asserted to-day, another to-morrow; guesses and hypotheses, and downright fabrications often appear instead of the facts. Every man who thinks he must be abreast of the current events is forced to wade through all that stuff, and it is worth going to Alaska to escape it. A monthly, or at most a



weekly, review of the important events of the world, is well worth reading, and I would like to see some philanthropist establish a small newspaper which would give us in a few pages, plain unvarnished facts, stating what is authentic and what is merely rumor."

They soon retired for the night and in the morning the journey was continued. Travel was now quite difficult, owing to the snow, and all manner of poor animals suffered greatly with the big loads they were compelled to carry. One man was leading a mule heavily laden, and occasionally the stubborn animal stood still. This caused the irate owner to whip the poor brute unmercifully. James saw this, and while not wishing to interfere, he determined to give the man a lesson. As the fellow gave the mule another hard blow, the animal looked around at him, and everyone heard these words: "If you hit me again I'll kick your head off!" The man dropped the strap that held the mule and he also let fall the whip, and with bulging eyes and pale face looked dumbfounded. The mule's head again turned toward its master and right from the open lips came: "I mean just what I said! I'll do the



best I can and that is all you should expect! If you treat me decently I'll make no trouble!"

The bystanders were greatly puzzled and James said:

"That's right, Mr. Mule, stand up for your rights. You are a faithful animal," and then a cheer went up.

"Look here, my friend," said James, "that protest came from a greater power than that poor brute there, and you should take warning. You can see that if you are kind and reasonable he'll do all he possibly can."

Cold as it was the man wiped the perspiration from his face and was glad to lead the beast away. He evidently thought it was some spirit that was talking.

All those present were equally puzzled over the affair, but James did not stop to enlighten them. Helen informed the professor and Edward that it was nothing but the work of James, who was an expert ventriloquist. Joe knew at once the cause, as he was aware of how James had frightened the savages on an island six years before by his wonderful power in throwing his voice wherever he desired.



Our friends all had a hearty laugh over the affair, and the professor told James he ought to make more use of his gift in correcting brutality wherever it was met.

In a short time the Scales were reached, and the provisions were placed with the previous load. James, Helen and the Indians remained, while the others again hurried back for another load of goods.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## RESCUING A GOLDSEEKER.

They found Francis up and about, and next morning he accompanied the professor, Joe and Edward with the last of their goods. Francis was so elated at the happy termination of his adventure that he was the liveliest one in the party, and there was a constant flow of wit and humor from his lips.

As they stopped for lunch, Francis began a running fire of jokes, some of which were directed at Joe, who had prepared the meal, and served, among other things, hash balls. The professor entered heartily into the fun.

"Well, gentlemen," finally said Joe, "just bear a hand here now, and exercise your muscles a bit and give your tongues a needed rest."

The party was soon again on the way, and by evening had joined James and Helen. They were both glad to see Francis in such excellent spirits.



Tents were once more pitched, and the night was spent at the foot of Chilkoot Pass.

The next morning the supplies were hurried over the great icy mountains. The pass is over 3,500 feet high, and near the summit is an incline of forty-five degrees—a sheer ascent of 1,000 feet, where to lose one's foothold would be fatal.

Then came the tedious journey to Lake Linderman.

Fatal accidents were of frequent occurrence, and deaths also resulted from exposure and disease, not to mention many cases of suicide.

While our party was making its way across the mountains one day, where the snow was all the way from one to fifty feet deep, although there was little snow in the valleys, they were a short distance behind a party of about a dozen men. These men were strung alone in single file, some leading dog teams with quite heavy loads, and others "packing" their own goods.

Suddenly there was a great commotion among these men, and as James and his friends came up the trail, he learned that the leader of the party had disappeared beneath the snow, with sled, dogs and



goods. The weather had been warm since the blizzard, and the water from a creek had washed away a great deal of the snow, leaving but a thin crust and making it insecure to pass over.

James was the first to propose a method of rescue, and his quick orders soon gave everyone something to do. He secured the coil of rope he had along, and quickly passing it around his body, instructed the others to let him down the opening. A small tree was quickly felled, and placed with the branches toward the great hole in the snow, and the rope was slid down where two branches came together in a V-shape, so that the rope would not cut through the snow at the opening.

Helen implored James not to venture in so dangerous a position, saying that one of the friends of the lost man should rather make the attempted rescue, but they were all so shocked, frightened and unnerved, that they could do nothing. Edward volunteered to go, but James quickly let himself down, saying that if anything was to be done, it must be done at once.

A cord was also taken down so that James could signal to his friends. Francis took charge of the



signaling string, and Joe, Edward and the professor held the rope.

Helen soon resigned herself to the situation, and stood by watching James getting ready to go down.

"I think it is about fifty feet deep," said James, as he began the descent, "and I can see nothing but water at the bottom."

Down, down James went, and every few seconds he gave a quick jerk on the line to show that all was well, and to keep on letting out rope.

Finally James came near the bottom, which was open water, and he feared that it must be all over with the poor fellow. There were places on the side where James could get a foothold, so he signaled to hold the rope and began to swing himself, and he finally touched ice on one side. James saw that there was a great tunnel in the snow along the course of the creek, and the crust above was quite thin, and, as it proved, not strong enough to bear the weight of a man and sleigh load of provisions. The driver and the outfit had dropped into the swift current, and everything was undoubtedly carried downstream.

James shouted up to his friends that he was going



to untie the rope and go in search of the missing man, and he accordingly started off on his perilous trip. At any moment the whole roof of snow might fall and bury him alive, but he continued on, sometimes barely finding room on the side of the water to get by. After passing one of the bends of the stream, he saw a dark object in the uncertain light, and pushing forward, soon discovered that it was a man lying on the edge of the ice. He was unconscious, but alive. James picked him up in his strong arms, and began the return journey. He was none too soon, for where he had just been standing tons of snow fell, and it was some time before the water carried it away. In some places James was compelled to pull the man along in the water, so narrow was the space between the wall of snow and the stream. Finally James reached the spot where the rope was hanging, and fastening it around the body and under the arms of the unconscious gold-seeker, he signaled to haul up. He also shouted up the result of his trip, and told his friends to look out for the man when he should come to the surface.

There was a strong pull from above and the half



dead fellow was soon in the arms of his friends. James was then hoisted, and received the warm thanks of all the men.

A tent was quickly pitched and a hot fire made, and all hands helped in the work of resuscitation. The professor felt of the man's pulse and found it very low.

"I'm afraid it's all over with him," said Francis, shaking his head.

"*'C'en est fait de lui,'* as the French say," remarked the professor, repeating Francis' words. "This comes of the accursed thirst for gold, (*'Auri sacra fames'*)," and the professor went out of the tent to give some of the others an opportunity to work the man's blood into circulation.

After half an hour there were signs of improvement in the man's condition, and some time later he regained consciousness.

At first he did not know what to make of his position, but after a little while he remembered his awful plunge through the snow and into the water below.

When he learned of his rescue, he was full of gratitude to James, and promised to repay the debt if



it should ever lie in his power to do so. His name was Charles Campbell, and his home was in Wisconsin.

He said that when the snow gave way he fell lightly enough into the water, with snow all about him. In a few moments the whole mass began to move downstream, and also to sink and melt. The sled and provisions sank and the dogs were dragged under and drowned. He was carried along, all wet and chilled, and after a desperate struggle through the slush, reached the icy side of the stream. He crawled out on the ice and in a few moments became unconscious.

"I owe my life to your courage and coolness, Mr. Griffin," he said, "and, believe me, I shall never forget it."

The next thing was to put up a sign warning others, and giving instructions how to avoid crossing the dangerous place. After doing this, our friends hurriedly pushed on, anxious to reach their objective point near the headwaters of the White river, where Edward's father was supposed to be, waiting for supplies.



## CHAPTER XV.

## REACH LAKE LINDERMAN AND BUILD A BOAT.

James and his companions pushed on with all possible speed, but not at the expense of all their comforts. Helen stood the hardships wonderfully well, and, true to her prediction, she was one of the gayest in the party. She and Francis were almost continuously together, and spent the time in discussing literature, music, art, and telling funny stories, and the hearty laughs of Helen made all the men smile, and feel that, although they were in Alaska, they were not wholly out of civilization.

Professor Caldwell was ever ready with advice, and quoted from nearly all the modern languages, and several dead ones.

James Griffin and Joe Farrell, during the greater portion of the time, were quiet and determined. On them rested the responsibilities of the journey, and



something arose every day that caused them great worry.

Edward Barry was watchful and willing to lend a helping hand whenever possible. He never shirked a chore, and the professor often told him to stop work and take a rest. At night he would study over the papers left by Albert Nugent. One evening as the professor was about to retire, he gave the following parting advice:

“Look out, Edward, for nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia, insomnia, jim-jams, corns, bunions, ingrowing toe-nails, and all other consequences of excessive mental strain. What’s the use in learning all that by rote, if, in doing so, you undermine your health and land in a sanitarium? Not all the wealth that we are going to carry out of Alaska will compensate for a broken-down constitution and shattered by-laws.”

Edward smiled and retired after such outbursts of the professor.

There were many men on the trail who were groaning and cursing under great loads far too heavy for their strength. They whipped the poor dogs, which were also overloaded. “They all seem



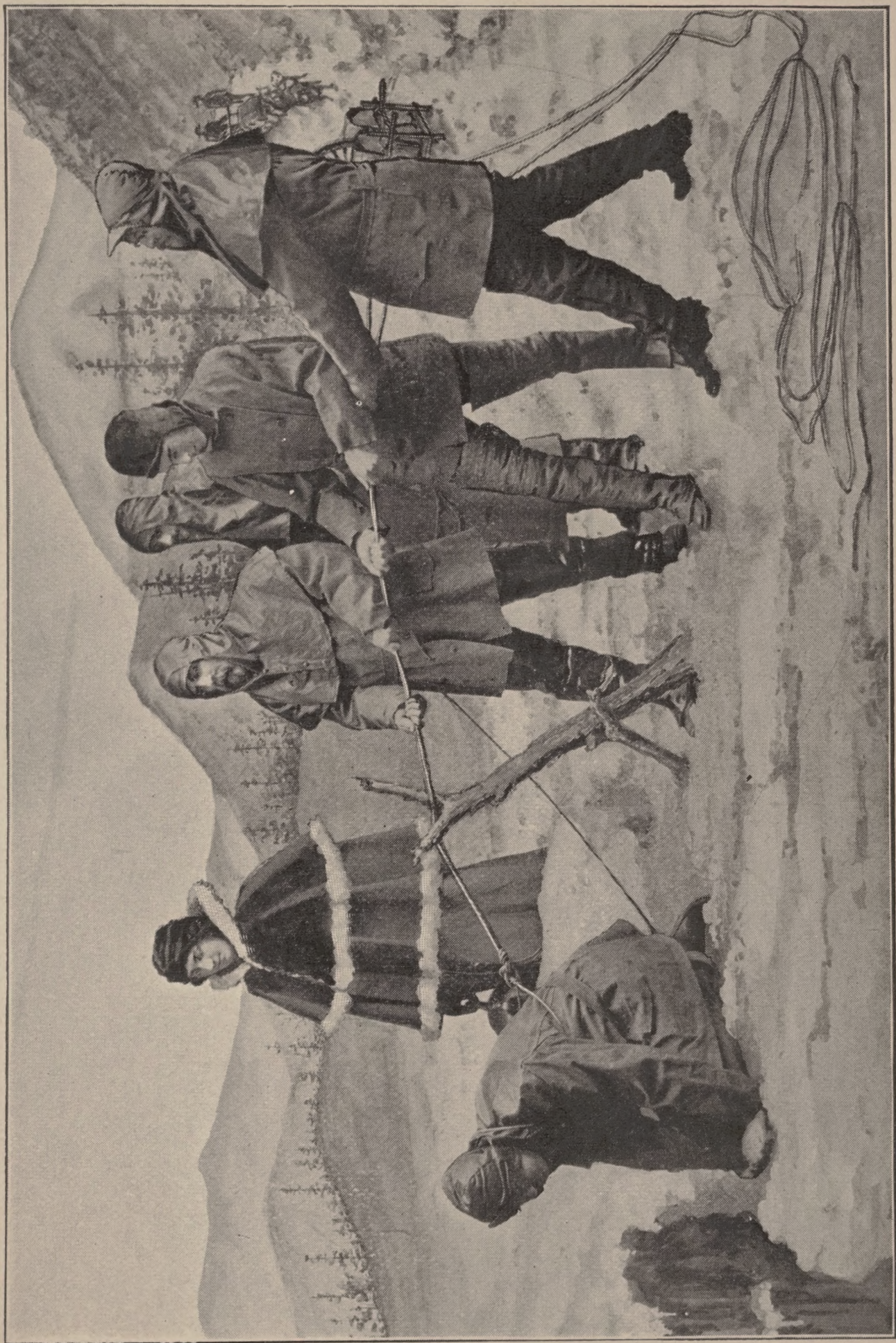
afflicted with locomotor hysteria, a new disease that has come to many Americans," said the professor, as he viewed the men hurrying on. "It manifests itself in an insane hurry to get over the ground. Those afflicted cannot stand anything slow. If they are traveling with a horse, instead of enjoying the scenery, they beat their animals into a continual gallop, and when the beast drops exhausted like the hero of the ballad, 'he gets another mile out by twisting of its tail.' But of course they're at their worst when they mount their bicycles and become that modern terror, the scorcher, and proceed to slay pedestrians."

These gold-seekers all seemed in a desperate haste to reach Dawson City. Did they but know what disappointments were in store for them, they would have been in less of a hurry—in fact, the majority would have turned around and gone home. Half of the hardships that these rushers endured were self-imposed.

Suddenly a coarse, loud, woman's voice was heard, berating someone on the trail.

"Och, see the lazy fellows, and not wan of thim





JAMES QUICKLY LET HIMSELF DOWN, SAYING THAT IF ANYTHING WAS TO BE DONE IT MUST BE DONE AT ONCE.  
—See page 121.







will give a poor woman a lift. If Oi wus a man Oi'd show thim what it is to be a rale gintleman!"

As our friends came up, they saw a woman sitting on a pile of provisions. She gave them a savage look, and again began:

"Who'd a thought that a poor woman on her way to Dawson City would be treated so by those who call thimselves gintlemen? Oi don't belave there's a rale Oirishman on th' trail. If I'd a thought that, I'd sthayed in Shan Franchisco." And then she began to abuse everybody and everything.

"Come, let us hurry on," remarked James, as he heard her words. "While I wouldn't pass anyone in distress, much less a woman, it would, I am sure, be worse than a thankless task if we should convey all her goods to Dawson City."

"Look at 'em go snakin' along," she said, as James and the others passed her.

Just then the professor and Joe came up, and she began to abuse them unmercifully.

The professor stood still and listened, for he thought he recognized the voice of a noted character in San Francisco, a woman who was credited



with being able to out-talk anyone in the city. He had heard her once on Telegraph Hill, and marveled at her doubtful accomplishment. Not the slightest show of anger or emotion was visible on the professor's face, as he listened to her cutting words. On the contrary, as the woman continued, he even smiled. When she had finished, he remarked:

"Madam, it grieves me greatly to see anyone of my own nationality give vent to such a torrent of abuse, unjustified as it is. You accuse us before you know who we are."

"Och, hear the murtherin' villain talk! You've got blarney enough, but yez no more Oirish than Imperor-r-r William, you low-browed, pigeon-toed, heartless old hypocritical miser. If me ould man, who's dead, ware here, he'd wring your dirty neck in two minutes!"

The professor had often thought that he would like to give this woman some of her own medicine, and he decided to do so now. He would let her talk until she exhausted her vocabulary, and then he would crush her with his own volubility. From her



language he knew that she was an ignorant scold, and so he began as follows:

"You say that I'm not Irish? Why, my father was born in Dublin, and he came of the best Irish stock. He was a gentleman, and so am I. But you, yourself, are no more Irish than the blackest negro in Africa. I hardly know whether to call you an *appoggiatura* or an *acciaccatura*."

"Och, hear the villain abuse me. And such dirty names he calls me, too. Go wash out yer mouth. It ought to be filthy from the bad words you've said."

"Don't get excited," returned the professor, smiling. "You'll only get your jaws more sidewise than they are at present. Look at her, Joe; see the semi-breve and crochet in her eyes, and the leger lines on her nose. Did you hear her crescendo voice? But with her it is '*Jus et norma loquendi*.' You are full of hyposulphate, you old cataclysm." And then the professor stopped, to give her a chance to use herself up.

"Just hear him talk! He sez he comes of good Oirish stock and he spakes to a lady loike that! If there was a dhrop of Oirish blood in your veins



you'd niver be sthanding there abusin' a poor lone woman who is tryin' to make a dacent an' honest livin'! If Oi had yez in the sthates I'd hev yez arristed for slander! Hiven preserve us! To think that a man who wants to be a gintleman should be sthanding there callin' a poor woman all the filthy names that no one iver heard of before." And then followed a string of billingsgate that would have taken first prize anywhere in a contest in that line.

"If you were in San Francisco," continued the professor, when she was through, "and got into court, any judge would give you fifteen years for your crimes. I see the blood of the cimex lectularius on your hands now! See how she trembles! Oh, you're found out at last! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you sexagesimo, you equiangular triangle, you superposition, you plus minus, voluminous old rixatrix! Joe, I don't believe she has provisions in those bags at all. They're full of exosmosis!"

"Och, what a lie! Is there no man here to defend a poor woman against all his abuse? Move on, you whiskey-drinkin', dirty old baboon—you dried-up chimpanzee—you—you—"



Her breath came short, and she could not speak, so the professor continued:

“I’m going to stand here and abuse you until you keep still, you tenaille, you redoubt, you ravelin, you glaxis, you girder, you cavetto, you astragal, you surbase old corona. Any jury would convict you of being a crustacean, scarping old viaduct—a macro-pod, and even a cyclops. You carry a hymenopter in your pocket all the time and I’ve heard from your neighbors in San Francisco that you are a pre-determined octopus. And you can’t deny it, you old acanthopterygian, ocellated blenny! Now, what have you to say?”

By this time a large crowd had collected, and the woman looked daggers at them all, but said nothing. She was vanquished! That inexhaustible flow of sounds that the professor thundered at her, nothing of which she understood, fairly stunned her. She had used up all her coarse words and she realized that her antagonist was too much for her.

When the professor saw that she was quiet, he said:

“Now, madam, we are not as bad as you suppose,



and if you will allow us, we shall be delighted to help you along."

But she refused the offer. It proved a valuable lesson to her, and the professor learned later that she became quite a different woman. It was the first time in her life that she had been downed in a talking contest. And she thought the professor a remarkable man.

She finally reached Dawson City and opened a boarding house, and prospered wonderfully.

This contest raised the professor a great deal in the estimation of Joe, who never before fully appreciated the advantages of an education.

In due time Lake Linderman was reached, and here the goat team was easily disposed of. With the exception of a few stormy days, very nice weather had prevailed, and the lakes were still open.

There were about five hundred tents, and over a thousand people at the camp at Lake Linderman when our party arrived, and here it was necessary to stay for a week at least, to build a boat. This they found one of the hardest jobs they had yet encountered. Joe was a boatbuilder by trade, and James, when a boy, had helped his old friend in his work-



shop in San Francisco. So they went at it in a practical manner.

Of course, it took a great deal of time to find suitable timber from which to saw out the necessary boards. Lumber could be bought at the wheezy saw mill for about \$300 a thousand feet, but as that was considered rather dear, James and Joe determined to whip-saw their own material. To build a boat of the size needed, required about 400 feet of lumber, and after the logs were cut and peeled and placed on a high scaffolding, it took about three days to saw them up. If anyone imagines that the sawing out of boards is a sinecure, about ten minutes' work would cause him to change his opinion. After the lumber, the ribs and braces were ready, the boat was put together, and calked with oakum and pitch. Oars were then made, and the boat, which was named the Helen, was ready for the passengers and freight.

The craft turned out by James and Joe was one of the very best ever constructed at that place, and was easily worth \$500.

From here the mouth of White river would be reached in about two weeks, and up this river their



boat must be propelled as far as navigation permitted.

One bright morning our party started across Lake Linderman for the north. A favorable breeze was blowing and the sail was hoisted, and the faces of all our friends were wreathed in smiles.

"This is what I call comfort," said James, as he watched the boat cut through the water.

"Yes," added the professor, "It is only the first step which is difficult. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.' It was well worth going through what we did to be able to enjoy life as we are now doing. I think I can stand several weeks of this kind of work. But we'll probably have plenty of trouble yet."

"There you are, Professor, talking of hardships," said Helen. "I think the whole trip was just delightful."

"Don't be too merry, Miss Griffin," answered the professor. "What we have encountered so far is child's play to what we may expect before we reach the end of our journey. 'Graviora manent'—Greater difficulties await us, no doubt."

"Don't borrow trouble, Professor," remarked



Francis. "I never yet crossed a bridge until I got to it, and if it didn't happen to be in good shape, why, then I looked about to see what could be done."

"Look out there, everybody!" shouted Joe, "the wind's changing, and we must come about," and as he turned the rudder the boom swung around suddenly and knocked off the professor's hat.

"*'Ne fronti crede,'*" said Helen, as she laughed mischievously. "*'Trust not to appearances,'* Professor. Those awful afflictions you spoke about seem to be coming," and as the waves dashed upon the side of the boat, Helen suggested that they might all soon be thrown into the water.

But a first-class sailor in the person of Joe was at the helm, and James also was an expert in handling almost any kind of craft, so Helen's remarks were more in the nature of a joke than any real fear she entertained.

Some of the other boats were not so fortunate, for as the wind came sweeping along the lake, from the north, a heavily loaded scow was filled with water and a cry for help went up. Half a dozen boats went to the rescue, our friends among the others. The passengers and most of the provisions



were saved, and a large cat—probably the only one in Alaska—jumped into James' boat.

Just why anyone was taking a cat to Alaska was something past finding out, but the animal was there, and making every endeavor to keep her fur dry.

The professor was no lover of cats, and thereby hangs a tale. The story was known to all of the party, except perhaps to Edward, and when the animal came on board, and they saw the scowl on the professor's face, there was a general laugh.

It seems that while the professor was keeping bachelor quarters in San Francisco, he was bothered with a sly old cat that had neither home nor any visible means of support.

The professor held that cats sucked the human breath, which is generally believed by old colored women, but put down as a simple superstition by physicians and scientists. However, the professor claimed he spoke from actual experience. He had told James once how this cat had entered his room at night through the open door. "While in a deep sleep," he said, "I suddenly dreamed that the air was being pumped out of the room, and when I



finally awoke I was so weak I could hardly move. In the dim light I saw the cat, with its mouth glued to my own, in a loathsome kiss. In my semi-consciousness I was almost indifferent to life, and I debated in my mind if it were really worth while to chase the feline away. I soon realized, however, that life was leaving me, and with a mighty effort I cried out, at which the cat vanished. When that squatting incubus was gone I soon regained my breath and strength, but had a scratch on one hand to verify my statement."

James had laughed the story away by saying:

"Only a nightmare, Professor. You were thinking too much of that cat, and it troubled your sleep."

"But the scratch?" asked the professor, incredulously.

"Done by yourself in your agony," answered James.

The professor shook his head, and determined to get rid of that cat at all events.

He had tried everything he could think of to dispose of the animal. He had given her poisoned meat a dozen times; he had filled her with buckshot,



and supposed that she was as full of holes as a sieve; he had made her jump from the limb of a tree that was sixty feet high; but she was always on deck on schedule time to drink the milk left in the hall by the milkman. The professor paid fifty dollars for a bulldog that was warranted to kill any animal twice its size, but the cat killed it in 'steen seconds. Then he got desperate, and tried liquefied air. He saw the feline go flying over a two-story building, but the professor was nearly paralyzed the next morning to see her on the porch, looking longingly at the canary. For a whole year he heard her every night, making a frightful noise in the neighborhood, and he determined to assassinate the beast if it was possible to do so. He offered two prizes of \$25 and \$10 for her capture or death, and a bright boy in the neighborhood won the \$25. He had her in a trap. Assuring himself that she was secure, the professor obtained a strong bag, placed in it several large stones, and the trap with the cat, then securely tied the top, and started for the bay, intending to go out in a boat and drop the whole outfit into fifty feet of water. On the way he met James, to whom he related the whole matter. James thought that a cat



with so wonderful a record ought not to die so miserable a death, so he began planning for the animal's life. He invited the professor into a restaurant for an ice-cream soda, and, seeing a friend, instructed him to release the cat while he was entertaining the professor. As soon as he was refreshed, the professor again triumphantly lifted the bag and started for the water, to dispose of the animal in the manner he had intended.

The next morning James saw him moving his wagon load of furniture and asked him the cause of his change of location, especially now that the obnoxious cat was effectually disposed of.

"Effectually disposed of!" exclaimed the professor, moodily. "What do you think, James? That cat's come back, and I'm going to move into the next town! She's in league with the devil, sure!"

"But you must remember, Professor, that a cat has nine lives."

"More than that, James. I'll swear that I've killed her nineteen times, and I'm going to give up the job."

It was no wonder, then, that the professor had no love for cats, and as he gave a scrutinizing look



at the one that had jumped on the boat he was seated in, he became pale, and turning to James, barely whispered:

“James, that’s the same cat that I spent over a year in endeavoring to kill!” The animal seemed also to recognize the professor, for she assumed a defensive attitude, and kept an eye on her old enemy. The professor picked up an oar, seeing which the agile animal took to the water, and swam to the boat occupied by her owner, where willing hands hauled her on board.

Seeing that the services of his boat were no longer needed, Joe again headed the craft toward the north, and sailed away. The professor’s curiosity as to how his old enemy, the cat, happened to be on a trip to Alaska, was never satisfied.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## UP WILD RIVERS AND ACROSS THE LAKES.

The six miles' length of Lake Linderman was soon crossed, and then the goods were unloaded, and carried overland to Lake Bennett. Between the two lakes a swift stream, with many rapids, extends a distance of nearly a mile, and here the boat had to be carefully floated through the rapids by means of ropes and poles.

Our party was anxious to at least cross Lake Bennett before the final freeze-up came. This lake is twenty-five miles long, and it would be a big step forward if it could be crossed in a boat, as the overland trip there would be very rough.

It was a bad place for mosquitoes, and these little insects seemed to highly relish the flavor of the new arrivals.

"The natives here," said the professor, "have an idea that the mosquito was once a huge spider,



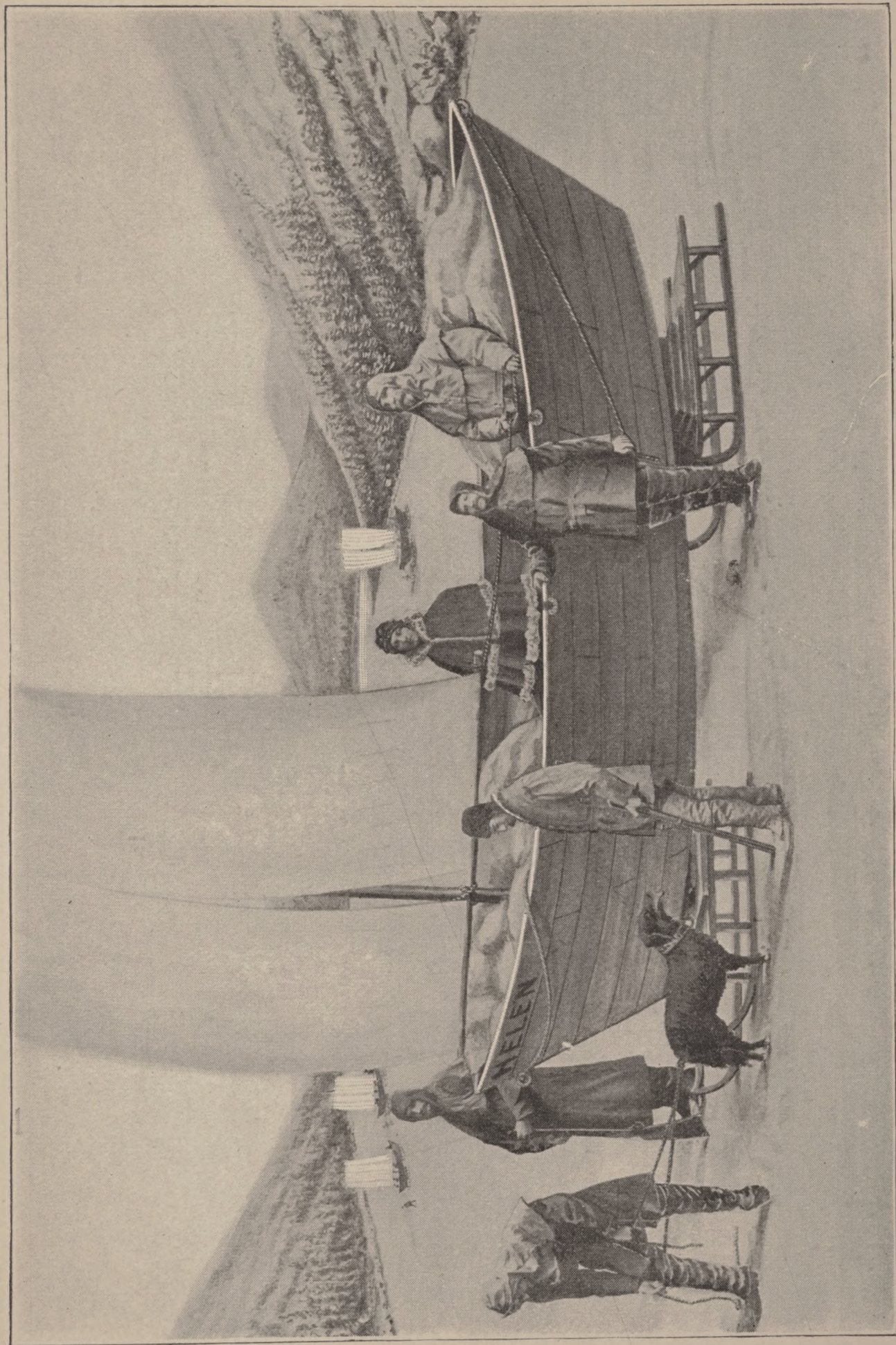
which an evil spirit cast into a fire, where it shriveled to its present size, and then, escaping with a coal in its mouth, it now seeks revenge upon mankind. I have come to the conclusion that he is about as black as he has been painted. He is omnipresent here, and back in the woods where I was to-day, he is omnipotent. Neither heat nor cold has much effect upon him, and I wonder what he is here for," and the professor looked around to see if there was anyone around who would say a good word for the pest. Evidently everyone agreed with him, for no one came to its defense.

For the first twelve miles Lake Bennett is not more than half a mile wide, and for the remaining distance it is all the way from one to three miles wide.

The passage was made without any great trouble, although it was no "picnic."

Then James pushed on to Takish Lake, to Marsh Lake, and our party reached the head of Miles Canyon several days after leaving Lake Bennett. The weather was yet good for water navigation, and James was making fine progress. Now came three miles of the most dangerous part of the water trip.





THEY HOISTED THEIR SAIL, AND ENJOYED THE DELIGHTFUL SENSATION OF SAILING OVER THE  
FROZEN SURFACE.—See page 147.







The general width of the canyon is about 200 yards, but for a distance of three-quarters of a mile it narrows to fifty feet across, with perpendicular walls of red volcanic rock. At one point there is a whirlpool of wonderful suction at each side of the river. It is needless to say that great care and the exercise of considerable skill is required to take a craft through these rapids.

All along the route James had been told to look out for White Horse Rapids, and when he got there he saw signs in all directions warning the traveler to "keep a good lookout." There was no better evidence needed that the place was dangerous than the numerous wooden crosses that marked the last resting place of many a victim who had been lost in the turbulent waters. The locality came to be known as the "Miners' Grave," and the new name was quite appropriate.

James was very careful, and decided to portage the boat over the worst part. On the west side of the rapids the miners had made a wide roadway of logs, and most of the men were rolling their boats over the ground on a sort of car.

Our party had an opportunity to see the skill with



which the Indians handled their boats. The canoe to the Indian is like the broncho to the cowboy. The Indian manipulates the canoe with extraordinary skill, and no waters, even as wild as they are in Alaska, daunt them. They skim along in their canoes like a bird, and hunt, fish, trade, and visit with them.

James found that the White Horse Rapids were fully as bad as they had been pictured to him, and there were many legends as to how they had received their name.

The professor related a number of stories he had heard, and one of the legends was that a white man once came to the tribe and wanted to marry the chief's daughter. The brothers of the girl said they would consent if he would agree to always live with them. This he refused to do, and one night he carried her away up the river while she was asleep. The brothers started in pursuit, and the white man and his willing captive, endeavored to escape in the White Horse Rapids. They were overtaken, but fought so furiously in the foamy waters that both were drowned. Now the Indians say that they can



see the paleface appear and beckon a victim to death every time a man is drowned in the rapids.

The weather now began to grow cold, and everything took on a dull aspect. The transformation from fall to winter was rapid and complete. The leaves quickly fell from the trees, the denizens of the forest beat a hasty retreat, and the whole landscape seemed to be sullenly brooding over the prospect of the mantle of snow that it was so soon to wear. The icy blasts from the north enveloped the camp of our party, and when they reached Lake Le Barge, after passing easily the twenty-four miles from White Horse Rapids, where the river was smooth and deep, they found it covered with a coating of ice. It was too strong to break through and too weak to sustain the weight of their boat and about six tons of provisions. Lake Le Barge is a beautiful sheet of water thirty-five miles long, and here James and the others were compelled to pitch their tents until the ice on the lake was thick enough for passage. It two days the ice was a foot thick, and during that time sleighs had been made on which to place the boat, and as soon as there was a favorable wind, they hoisted their sails and enjoyed



the delightful sensation of sailing over the frozen surface. At the same time they were again hastening on their northward journey.

There were about twenty other boats also sailing, and being pulled across the lake, and it was a pretty sight.

All the boats kept near the shore, and finally they came to where a river flowed into the lake, and caused a large area of open water. The parties all stopped here to discuss the best means of getting over, and while they were all standing about and talking, the ice began to "give" considerably, which circumstance caused a desperate endeavor on the part of many boat-owners to get back to a safer place.

To make a detour might prove more dangerous than to cross the open water, so James and Joe decided to attempt a crossing. With ropes they fastened the sleighs, so that they could be hauled on board when the craft should leave the ice, and then with Joe and Francis on one side of the boat, and James and the professor on the other, they made a rapid start for the open water. As soon as they felt the ice giving way they jumped into their boat, and



then, with pike poles, cleared a passage. Seeing the success of their venture, several followed. Many succeeded, while some experienced a disastrous failure. Others, fearing to run so great a risk, decided to camp until ice formed sufficiently strong to insure a safe passage.

It was at such places as this that many quarrels arose between partners. Some would want to go on, while their companions refused to move. In one case a fight ensued, and after the combatants had pommelled each other unmercifully, a crowd collected and a jury was chosen to make a division of the goods. Many of these partnerships had been formed on the spur of the moment, and where two stubborn fellows traveled together and failed to agree on any subject, there was sure to be trouble. Fights and dissolutions occurred on no more serious matter than one accusing the other of eating too much—or eating more than the other.

James had been called upon several times to act in the capacity of arbitrator, and he always urged a separation where hot words had once passed between partners.

As the boat entered the water, Helen began pre-



paring dinner in the bow, and as the smell of the savory and succulent edibles was wafted to the others, it gave them a craving to eat that can never be enjoyed by the millionaire in his palatial home, which led the professor to remark:

"Work, if only it is in moderation, is in itself a rich source of happiness. We all know how quickly time passes when we are well employed. Occupation drives away the small troubles of life, and he who works as we have been working will never sit down to a dinner and plead lack of appetite. Miss Griffin, we are ready for those beans, that bacon and the corn bread."

Our friends were the first in the long line of boats. The Klondykers had all recognized that James and Joe were good people to keep in touch with, as they had made the best time of any similarly equipped party on the trail.

At night they camped on the shore of Lake Le Barge. There they had an experience that threw them into the wildest state of excitement and came near making it impossible to think of going to the relief of Edward's father.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## EDWARD'S REMARKABLE WORK.

When Captain Hardy and his partner took possession of the goods of our friends, after disposing of Francis, they crossed over to the Skaguay trail, going along the Porcupine river to the Skaguay river. As they feared pursuit, they made all possible haste forward, and as they were not as heavily loaded with supplies as the average goldseeker, and had the help of the Indians, they expected to get ahead of James and his friends on their way to the Klondyke.

Between the two trails, there is very little to choose, except that the Dyea trail is the shorter. While the Dyea trail has its Chilkoot Pass, those going by way of the Skaguay trail must climb up and cross the White Pass.

From Porcupine Hill, there is a descent of 500 feet in about a mile. Then begins an ascent. Pass-



ing over the Skaguay river the traveler ascends about 300 feet in a little over two miles, and crossing the creek, he starts on an ascent of about 1,000 feet in a little over a mile. Then for a mile he must go winding along a high level, then down about 100 feet, and then up again 900 feet to the summit of White Pass. On each side the pass is encompassed by high glacial mountains, up which no one would ever care to climb.

From here a beautiful view of the surrounding country can be had. The scene in all its grandeur surrounds one on every side, and the river, like a streak of the brightest silver, winds its serpentine way through gulch and valley, over rocky bed and sandy bottom, at one place calmly and grandly, at another angrily and with a roar, ever onward toward the ocean, where its crystal waters finally lose their identity.

But all these beauties were lost to Captain Hardy. He had no eye for the grandeur of nature. To get a fortune was his only idea. He and his partner, Jack Williams, were making rapid progress—that is, from one to four miles an hour. They proceeded on to the foot of Lake Linderman, and then to Lake



Bennett, where they constructed a light and cheap boat, and were just putting on the finishing touches when James' party passed through. They observed James, but were careful to remain unseen themselves, and when they cast a glance on Francis, alive and well, they were dumbfounded. How had he escaped? One night Captain Hardy disguised himself as much as possible, and spied about James' tent. He watched Edward poring over maps and some papers, and he at once jumped to the conclusion that they contained full directions as to how to reach some rich claim, probably the one owned by Joe Farrell. To get this map was now the great desire of Captain Hardy, but he did not appear to be ready yet to make the attempt. He observed, however, that the documents were placed in a small satchel, which doubtless contained many other valuable articles, besides money.

Captain Hardy returned to his companion in a jubilant frame of mind.

"We're in luck, Jack," he remarked, "all we must do now is to get hold of that grip, and I'm pretty sure that we'll strike it rich. Besides, it may spoil all their plans, too. We must watch our opportun-



ity, secure the papers, see if they are of any value, and if so, push rapidly ahead and take possession. We can travel much faster than they, as we have fewer supplies and a lighter boat."

"We must be careful, Captain, not to be caught in the work, or it will go hard with us. Those fellows seem to bear charmed lives. We thought we had finished the kid when we threw him overboard out in the ocean, and we were sure never to see Francis LaBoule again, but both are alive, nevertheless, and if they knew we were here they would unquestionably cause us serious trouble. I would not relish being tried for murder up here—it would not agree with my constitution and by-laws."

"No danger, Jack," answered Hardy. "We'll stay well behind and keep a sharp lookout. We'll have to watch where they camp, and some night endeavor to secure the papers, and then push on all night to get far ahead."

So these two men followed James, who was all unconscious of their presence.

One of the boats that crossed Lake Le Barge on the same day that James made the passage, was occupied by Captain Hardy and Jack Williams.



They remained a mile or more behind, but kept James' party in view much of the time. That night when camps were pitched on the shore, Captain Hardy found out where James and his friends were located, and he instructed Jack Williams to proceed with their boat several miles farther down the lake, saying that he would come along and join him about midnight.

There were a number of tents together, but the ones belonging to James were easily distinguished by their peculiar construction, and Captain Hardy cautiously approached the large one, occupied by James, Joe, the professor, Francis, and Edward. Through the open flap of the tent, he observed the much-desired satchel lying on some furs in one corner of the enclosure, and there was Edward studying the map and reading a number of sheets of paper fastened at the top with a clasp. Finally they were again placed away and the grip put under some goods, and Edward extinguished the light and retired.

Captain Hardy waited until all were asleep, and then crawled to the side of the tent where the



satchel lay, raised the canvas, secured the valuable documents, and quietly departed.

Next morning when our friends arose and prepared for the day's journey, James made inquiry as to the whereabouts of the grip. No one knew what had become of it. Edward explained where he had put it, but it could not be found. An examination around the tent showed footprints in the snow.

Edward became almost frantic when he realized that the directions to reach his father were gone. James and the others were stunned. How were they to go to the relief of William Barry without knowing just where he was located? Alaska is a big country, and it would be like finding the proverbial needle in a haystack to attempt to find him without the minute directions contained in the lost papers.

Francis immediately went out and notified the argonauts of the robbery, but no one could offer any suggestion as to what to do. Robbery was something unheard of, even among these rough men, and it created considerable indignation and alarm to learn that there was danger of losing valuables in that way.



"What shall we do now?" asked the professor. "I never studied the maps to any extent, and so far as I am concerned, I would be unable to find my way with any degree of certainty."

Edward was in tears. The seriousness of the matter had prevented him from acting or thinking. All seemed hopeless! What would become of his poor father now? But the professor's words gave him an idea. Could he not redraw the map and directions from memory? He had studied them night after night for weeks, and he had read and reread the directions hundreds of times, and in his mind could now discern every line and word he had seen! He communicated his thoughts to the professor and Francis, and they quickly brought him a sheet of paper. He began to trace with feverish haste an exact copy of the map, thought it was crude.

Then he transcribed the written directions, word for word, from start to finish. No move was made to continue the journey until Edward had finished, and the other goldseekers had already left when he was through with his work. The professor then read over the directions aloud, and all agreed that



the copy was an exact reproduction of the original. The map, too, appeared to be perfect in detail.

The spirits of all the members of the party rose once more.

There was much speculation as to who could have stolen the satchel, and what could be done with the maps and directions contained therein. There was nothing else of value in the grip, for the money they took with them had been divided, and each now carried a sum in a belt around the waist, so in case of accident, all the cash would not be lost.

"There is some danger," said James to Joe, "that the party or parties who stole the directions how to reach Mr. Barry will decide to go there. Anyone capable of such an act might commit a greater crime. The greed for gold might cause him or them to follow the map and effectually dispose of Mr. Barry, so as to secure his wealth, and we must make haste so as to get there first. Do not suggest this to Edward, for the poor boy would worry himself sick over it."

James decided to make great speed, and for a time push on day and night.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF ALASKA.

Nowhere on the whole journey was such rapid progress made as on the river after leaving Lake Le Barge. The average speed was over four miles an hour. But it required skill and cool heads, and hard work to navigate the boat through the rapids. In places our friends guided their craft with a rope, and ran ahead along the shore, much of the time up to their knees in water, in their endeavor to keep it clear of rocks. Many times the boat would almost miraculously escape destruction in some wild whirlpool, and then glide between jagged rocks that almost everywhere rose threateningly out of the seething waters. But our party was made up of men who fulfilled all the requirements of perilous navigation, and even with their unusually large boat they met with few mishaps and no serious accidents.

Our party passed many boats that had crossed



Lake Le Barge a week or more ahead of them, and the second afternoon that they were on the river, they were sailing along swiftly through the waters and came close to a small boat occupied by two men.

Joe Farrell was keeping a sharp lookout, and his keen eyesight enabled him to distinguish the occupants of the craft in advance. They, too, appeared to have discovered something, for they were observed to both begin to pull at the oars that had before been simply held in their hands.

"James!" exclaimed Joe, suddenly, "by all that's wonderful, there is Captain Hardy and his partner in that little boat ahead!"

"Are you sure, Joe?" asked James, as he looked sharply in the direction indicated by Joe. "I guess you're right, Joe. It looks remarkably like him, at all events. And see how desperately they are pulling at the oars. They have doubtless recognized us and are endeavoring to get away without our seeing them."

As James watched the occupants of the small craft, he wondered by what chance those men were again thrown into his path. What should he do?





JUST AS THE GRAND ANIMAL WAS NEARING THE BANK, JAMES LET GO.—See page 164.







Endeavor to overhaul the captain and make him suffer for his crimes? or allow him to escape, and perhaps invite further trouble? But James' ever-generous and forgiving nature asserted itself, and he finally said to Joe:

"Let them go. They appear anxious to avoid us, so I guess they will not bother us any more."

"James, who do you think stole that map and those papers?" said Joe suddenly. "None other, I tell you, than Captain Hardy. He's got those papers in his pockets now, and he's just smart enough to follow the directions and go on to William Barry and perhaps murder him for his gold and claim. He undoubtedly thinks that since the map and the other papers are lost we shall be compelled to give up our trip there. Let us overhaul him!"

"That is only a supposition, Joe," said James. "No one saw him take the papers, but I agree with you in thinking that he is the thief. Yes, let us endeavor to overtake him and search him for the stolen documents."

Francis, the professor, and Edward were awakened, and when they learned that Captain Hardy was ahead, and was supposed to be the one who



stole the grip from the tent, they were anxious to make every endeavor to capture him.

Meantime Captain Hardy had disappeared around a bend in the river, and was now out of sight, and when our friends came to that point they saw that the swift little craft was rapidly leaving their big boat behind. They saw that they were at a disadvantage, and also recognized that Captain Hardy, who was ready for any move that promised wealth, regardless of the methods to be pursued, would readily embrace the opportunity to go to where William Barry was alone and engaged in digging gold.

After passing the Big Salmon river, the stream becomes a mighty waterway, and a swift one, too. It was now a difficult matter to make a landing, as the boat had to be rowed straight for the bank, which it would strike with great force, necessitating someone jumping on shore or into the water with a rope to hold her there.

Finally they came to Five Finger rapids, which they knew when they were near, by the swift currents and the white foam and whirling eddies, and the thundering sound of rushing waters. The rapids



gets its name from the five gateways so plainly seen during low water. At high water only two fingers are visible. James had been told to take the right channel, it being the safer. Even that was dangerous, as the boat was sure to ship considerable water in its dive. The boat now made better progress, and smoothly glided into the narrow gateway. All hands were ready, the professor made some appropriate remarks, and suddenly the stern of the boat rose as the bow went down, and with a great splash that gave them a gentle sprinkling, the staunch craft shot the rapids, leaving the foaming spray behind.

Here also, though so near to Dawson City, many a miner has seen his boat go wrong and become wrecked, and his provisions scatter in the wild waters. The Rink rapids were easily passed, and then Fort Selkirk was reached. The scene along the river here is noble and majestic, and can be likened to the Rhine or the Hudson. Only here are to be seen snow-capped mountains in all directions.

At Fort Selkirk they learned that two men answering the description of Captain Hardy and Jack



Williams had sold their boat, and, with a dog team, had started out on the Dalton trail.

James realized that his old enemy was bound for the same locality as they were, and it was to be a race to see who got there first. Captain Hardy would probably go but a short distance on this trail and then turn off southwest. James intended to go on to the White river, proceed up as far as it was navigable, and then abandon his boat and continue on, and he hoped to be able to reach his destination before Captain Hardy arrived there.

The first day up this lonely and untraveled river Joe saw a moose swimming across the stream, and James got his rifle ready to shoot as soon as they should come in range. Just as the grand animal was nearing the bank James let go, and evidently wounded him, for he fell over. All hands pulled hard to reach the big brute, as they were hungry for fresh meat, and it would be a matter of pride, too, to have secured a specimen of that rare creature.

As the boat neared the point where the moose lay in the shallow water there were signs of the animal reviving, and the giant antlers rose on the



majestic poise of the head; and, seeing the boat, he made a desperate dash at it, nearly tipping it over. The professor's coat was caught on the strong horns, and he was pulled over into the water before anyone was aware of it.

He shouted for help, and as he fell from the horns into the water head first, Francis grasped him by the legs, and he and Edward hauled him into the boat. He muttered a few words, we are sorry to say, words which no one in the party had heard pass his lips before, and, after James had put a couple of more bullets into the struggling Alaskan beast, Francis remarked to the professor that they would soon be enjoying the luxury of fresh meat.

The professor looked dejected, and said that there was no need of fresh meat while they were so well supplied with bacon and dried fruits. He declared that the moose was of a very low order of brutes, and failed to see any beauty in the tremendous antlers.

"Unattractive as is the personal appearance of the moose," said the professor, "his moral nature and disposition are no less disreputable. See those big ears that look like the spinnaker of a racing



cutter; they are ever on the alert with his inquiring nose to learn whether his precious skin is safe. But two thoughts find room within his gigantic head—to keep his stomach full and his hide whole; and to them, especially the latter, every resource of his nature is devoted. He is the embodiment of pure and undiluted selfishness. He got his just deserts, and I'm not a bit sorry that he is dead."

"You were quite unlucky," remarked Francis, as he looked at the professor, who sat shivering in the boat.

"No wonder," remarked the professor, "I was born on a Friday, on the 13th of the month, at thirteen minutes past the hour, and alongside of a graveyard. I'm positive that it will be the death of me some day."

A fire was built, and the professor was soon in a more cheerful spirit.

They all ate heartily of the juicy steaks of the moose, and, after securing all that they could well carry, they again proceeded on their journey.

The sky showed every indication of an approaching storm, so tents were pitched and everything made snug for the night. It grew cold, and the



fine snow penetrated their tent in many places. They secured a lot of wood and made a hot fire and passed the evening very pleasantly. Turns were taken to keep up a blaze all night, and in the morning they found their boat frozen solidly in the ice. The whole river was frozen, and it was decided that here they would cut their craft out of the ice and haul it into the woods in case they should desire to return that way in the spring.

They got ready their sleighs, which they had in their boat, and, loading them with their goods, continued up the river, which now made good traveling. Great mountains encompassed them on all sides, and James made daily notes and drawings of the ground over which they passed.

They expected that within a few days or a week they would see some of the mountains described in their papers. It was a difficult and perilous trip, as they were going through a country where a human foot had probably never before trod. Thus they traveled on, day after day.

One day they observed several Indians at a great distance, but little attention was paid to them, as the Alaskan natives appeared inoffensive, except as



regards smells, which was offensive in the extreme.

James, Joe and the professor had gone forward with a load, and were searching for the best route over the mountains. Helen, Francis and Edward were awaiting their return. Francis had gone into the woods a distance to follow the tracks of some animal, and while he was gone half a dozen Indians suddenly appeared.

Helen was terribly frightened as soon as she saw their serious looks.

"Halo muck-muck, clutchman?" asked the chief or spokesman, pointing to his mouth. (Have you much to eat, white woman?)

Helen pointed to the provisions and shook her head, and Edward got his revolver ready to defend Helen, the provisions and himself, if need be.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## WM. BARRY AND THE INDIANS' PRISONERS.

Let us now see what William Barry was doing, all by himself in that wild, but supposedly rich, country.

His partner, Albert Nugent, had left him several months before, and Mr. Barry now began to look for his reappearance. There had been some heavy storms and cold weather, and he hoped to see his partner return before the snow got too deep for easy going.

He had been working on a rich claim all through the fall and early winter, and he secreted a large amount of gold dust and nuggets, in case he was attacked by robbers. In his pocket and also in his log cabin he had a description of their whereabouts in cipher, and the keyword was also known by the late Albert Nugent, his former partner, so that in



case of his death during his partner's absence, the latter could easily locate the hiding place.

There was a "ciwash" (tribe) of Indians several miles away from his "stick hobosh" (log cabin), and one of them was on very friendly terms with the lone miner. Mr. Barry had saved his life one day, and also provided him with food when he was nearly starved. The Indians were great beggars by nature, and the thousands of miners who went into the Copper river by way of Port Valdes found them by hundreds on the verge of starvation. It seems that they are an improvident set, and run the risk of starvation every year without a particle of worry.

One day, this Indian, who was named Nicholai, called on Mr. Barry and said that some Indians had a "clutchman" (white woman) and "bosh" (boy) with them. He explained that the woman was young, and appeared in great grief.

"Where are they?" asked Mr. Barry, who was determined to lend a helping hand, if possible.

"One sleep, hi-u walk" (day and night fast walk), and then pointing south, continued: "Hi you skukum" (over those high mountains).

Mr. Barry wondered who could be the unfortu-



nate persons in the hands of the Indians, and what the natives intended to do with them. He was determined to go to their rescue, as he knew a number of the Indians, and they had never molested him, probably having due respect for his ability to defend himself.

Taking his rifle and putting several revolvers into his belt, he provided himself with blankets and several days' rations, placed them on a sleigh, and started across the mountains indicated by Nicholai. The Indian would not go along, as he feared the displeasure of the tribe if they learned that he had given the information concerning their captives.

Mr. Barry made rapid headway, and by evening was descending the snow-clad mountains toward the Indian village, situated alongside a river. He could see the natives spearing salmon through holes in the ice.

He was in doubt whether to go boldly into the village and endeavor to secure the release of the captives, or try to effect their escape at night. The latter course would be almost impossible, as the dogs about the huts would make such a racket as to awaken everyone in the village. While the dogs



are not in use, they are allowed to shift for themselves, and they roam about, howling dismally, fighting over bones, and stealing anything and everything they can get, from an old boot to a piece of rawhide. Even when working they never receive more than a frozen salmon a day.

Mr. Barry finally decided to wait until morning and then go to the Indians and make them an offer for the prisoners' release.

He found a sheltered place, and built a fire and went to sleep, and during the night all the canines in the village were attracted to his camping-place. The smell of bacon was too powerful for them to resist, and, in hopes of securing a morsel, they had come from miles distant.

Mr. Barry found it difficult to chase them away, and secured very little sleep that night.

Next morning bright and early he entered the village, and was soon in the presence of Chief Stickman.

The Indians knew considerable English, but refused to speak more of it than was necessary to make themselves understood.



"You have a woman and a boy here," said Mr. Barry. "Where did they come from?"

The chief nodded his head, and pointing to the north, said:

"One sleep, two sleep, hi-u walk; hi you skukum, tenash skukum." (Two days' fast walk over high mountains and small mountains.)

"Who are they?" asked Barry.

"Chichalker Chief Stickman ros." (Newcomers in Chief Stickman's land.)

"Where are they?"

The chief pointed to one shanty, saying "clutch-man," and then to another, saying "bosh."

Mr. Barry then knew that the woman was in one place and the boy or young man in another.

"How much do you want for them?" asked Barry.

"Halo muck-muck."

"Can't do it, my friend," answered Barry. "I've only enough myself to last a couple of months, and I couldn't part with a pound of bacon under any circumstances."

"Guns," then said the chief.

Barry shook his head.



"I couldn't think of parting with this rifle and these revolvers. They are necessary for my protection. I can give you gold, though. How much do you want?"

"How much you have?" asked the chief.

Mr. Barry showed up what he had.

"Bosh, not clutchman!" said the chief, looking at the gold he offered.

"Both or neither," said Barry, determinedly.

"Bring one, two, three gold," said the Indian, "and have clutchman and bosh."

"You want three times as much," said Barry. "So you value the woman twice as high as the man. That's because she is white, I suppose. If she happened to be Indian she would be valued at only half as much as the boy. I must return to camp then, to get more gold," said Mr. Barry.

He knew by experience that it was useless to argue with the Indians. What they once said they generally insisted upon.

"I'll be back in two days then, with the gold. Take good care of them, and give them plenty to eat, and I will throw in an extra nugget," and, saying good-bye, he hastily started on his return trip.



He made all possible speed in order to return and quickly secure the release of the captives, who were doubtless undergoing much suffering, besides being greatly alarmed.

He traveled rapidly all day, sometimes walking fast, and sometimes falling into a dog-trot, but failed to reach home that day. He again camped for the night, made a big fire to keep warm, and, rolling himself into his blanket, slept as soundly as a child in its comfortable bed. Next morning he was up early, and by ten o'clock he reached his cabin.

He was much startled to see smoke issuing from the opening in the roof, and he made a careful reconnoiter before he approached the log house. He watched and waited for several hours, and finally saw a man come out of the door and take a look about. He had a rifle in his hand, and seemed prepared to use it if necessary.

"Hello there!" called out Mr. Barry. "Do you know that you are in my house?"

The stranger looked at him and answered:

"Your house? It might have been your house once, but we've taken possession, and we intend to remain here. We've found just what we've been



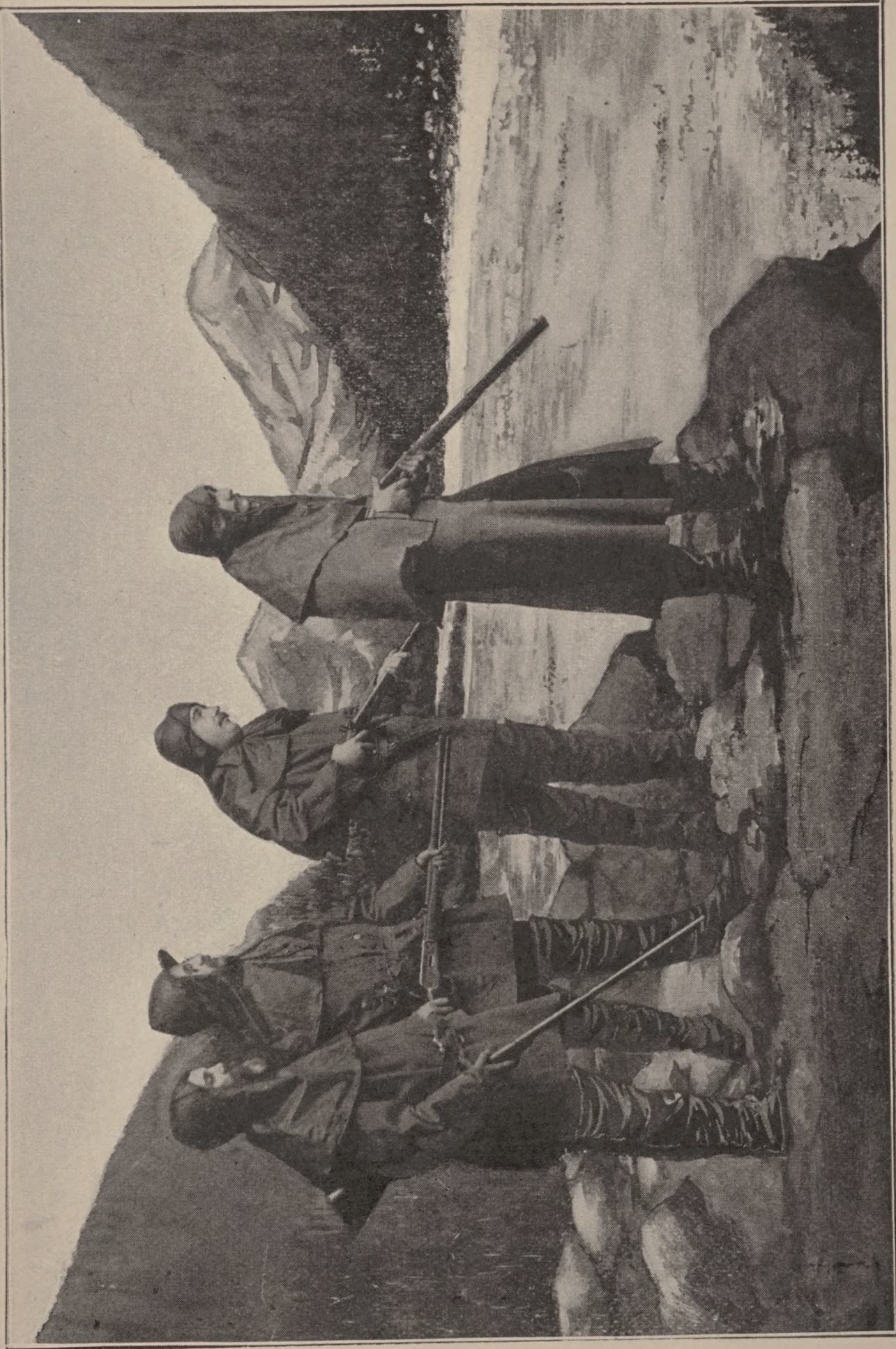
looking for, and we've worked pretty hard to find it, too. There's a pretty nice pile of nuggets and gold dust in a box here, and as soon as we rest up a bit, we may leave again. For the present, sir, you had better steer clear of this locality."

Mr. Barry was dumbfounded at the audacity and heartlessness of the speaker, and his anger became so great that he raised his rifle to his shoulder to summarily dispose of the man who had just spoken, but before he could shoot, a bullet whizzed past his body, fired from an opening in the cabin.

Not being aware of how many men he had to deal with, but knowing that there were at least two, and both desperate characters, he quickly retreated to a safe distance to consider his position.

He realized that he was in a desperate condition. To be compelled to abandon his snug cabin now, with winter only fairly set in, would mean death to him, unless he could remain with the Indians. But he did not intend to submit quietly to the demands of the men who now had possession of his house. He was determined to take up a position where he could overlook his cabin and shoot the first man that appeared. But the men refused to show them-





DOWN BELOW ON THE RIVER'S BANK THEY SAW THE STRAGGLING HUTS OF CHIEF STICKMAN'S "CIWASH."  
—See page 184.







selves, and the dogs belonging to the strangers made such a disturbance that he was forced to retire to a more distant position.

Finally he determined to return to the Indians, hunt up Nicholai, and secure the service of several of the Indians's friends, and return to attack the invaders.

Though feeling confident that he would soon secure possession of his cabin, he feared that the robbers would carry off several thousand dollars' worth of gold which he had left in the house. He had felt so secure against any such visits, that he had not taken the precaution to hide that gold, as he had the bulk of his hard-earned wealth.

As he finally arrived in view of his destination, he observed four men, fully armed, making all haste toward the Indian village.



## CHAPTER XX.

## JAMES AND HIS FRIENDS TO THE RESCUE.

As Helen and Edward stood there facing the Indians, some of the natives crowded about them, while the others examined the provisions, handling the articles as though they were their own property. One of the Indians gave a signal, and two more natives appeared with a sleigh and a dog team, and they began to pile on the goods. Edward protested and even raised his revolver threateningly, but his arms were soon grasped, and he was made powerless.

In a few moments the sleigh held all that the dogs would be able to pull, and, forcing Helen and Edward to accompany them, they went in a direction nearly opposite to that taken by James and the others.

They started off rapidly, and made such headway as to keep Helen and Edward running a great deal of the time.



Helen had made a frantic resistance, but she could do nothing against the sturdy natives. Edward advised her to go along peaceably, and they would watch their opportunity to escape.

The Indians kept up a rapid pace for several hours, when they came to a mountain. Each quickly took a bag of provisions and climbed over the precipitous side of the snow-covered hills, and Helen found the pace very exhausting. She had been going as rapidly as she could for several hours, but now she was allowed a rest until several of the natives returned for the remainder of the provisions. Then on, on they went, as though expecting pursuit, and Edward observed that they were making a big circle. His experience in Alaska had made him wonderfully observing, and he quickly saw what the Indians were endeavoring to do.

At night they camped, and it was many hours before Helen could go to sleep. At last she succumbed to fatigue, and fell into a deep slumber. Edward had cheered her all day, and, being quite philosophical himself, he slept soundly all night.

In the morning the natives again hurried on to their destination, and by evening they were at the



Indian village. A large number of people collected to see the two strangers, and all rejoiced over the large amount of "muck muck" that had been secured. There appeared to be but one word for all manner of food, and whether it was fish, bacon, or elk, they called it "muck muck."

Helen was brought to the chief's hut, which was already filled to overflowing with children and bad odors. But she made the best of her situation.

Edward was housed in a different part of the village, and was compelled to undergo equally disagreeable trials.

They had been there several days when Helen heard that a miner was endeavoring to secure their release. The chief told her that the stranger was going back to his camp to secure gold to pay for her liberty. Oh, how eagerly she waited for the next day! Helen had watched the women at work with their needles, and she might have taught them many things, but she was too anxious and worried to apply herself to anything, and there was no one to whom she could speak of her troubles.

She found the natives intensely ignorant and practicing witchcraft in all its cruel forms. They



looked for all the world like Japanese, and she could easily believe them to have originated from that race. They were keen in trade, quick to learn, and many were quite skillful in carving on metal, bone, or wood. They had largely developed chests, shoulders and arms, which no doubt came from many generations of canoe-paddling ancestors. Their lower extremities were, however, weak-looking, and the majority of them were bow-legged.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

We shall now return to Francis, who, when he got back to camp from his hunt for a silver fox (whose fur he failed to secure), was dumbfounded to see the greater portion of the provisions gone, and Helen and Edward nowhere to be seen. He halloed loudly, but there was no answer. His heart came into his throat, and a strange sensation of fear entered his mind. He called frantically: "Miss Griffin! Helen!" and in waiting for an answer he could hear the pulsations of his heart, but nothing more. He began to search for traces of their whereabouts, and soon saw the marks of the sleigh-runners, and the prints of Helen's shoes in the snow and the tracks of many Indian feet. He followed the



trail for several miles, and then realized that he could do nothing alone against so many natives if they showed resistance, so he hurriedly returned, and then went to inform James of their misfortune.

Francis followed the trail of James and his party, and after several hours' steady run, he came up to them crossing a mountain about fifteen miles from camp. Francis was so exhausted from his day's various tramps that he could hardly speak.

He stood before James unable to say a word.

"What is it, Francis?" asked James, fearing some misfortune. "Are Helen and Edward well?"

Francis shook his head, and finally managed to relate to James the events of the morning.

James was for a moment stunned, and to think of his dear sister being in the hands of those ignorant and dirty savages made him desperate.

"We are not far from Barry's claim, according to our maps," said Joe, "but we'd better cache our provisions here, and, with what we shall need for a week start in pursuit of the robbers. I think they'll feel pretty sick when they get in front of our guns."

James was silent, but the determined look in his face boded ill for the captors of Helen and Edward.



"Auri sacra fames, (this accursed thirst for gold), has brought us in this trouble," said the professor. "Why could we not have been satisfied in San Francisco?"

While they were disposing of their provisions, Francis lay down to rest. In half an hour they were ready to return to where Helen and Edward had been overpowered, and when they arrived there they hid the provisions that the Indians were unable to carry away and then hurriedly followed the trail. They had not gone far when night overtook them, and they reluctantly camped for a few hours' rest. Bright and early they were again on their way, and they soon discovered that the Indians were describing a big circle. Had they known this from the beginning, they might have saved many miles' travel. During the day a light snow fell, which nearly obliterated the trail.

James studied the maps and saw where they were, and also the location of the Indian village, and believing that these robbers belonged to Chief Stickman's tribe, he no longer endeavored to follow the trail, but started straight for the village. The map



showed that William Barry's claim was but a couple of days' travel distant.

In due time our friends came to the top of a mountain, and down below on the river's bank they saw the straggling huts of Chief Stickman's "ciwash."

Then they stopped to lay out a plan of action. They would boldly demand the prisoners and their provisions, and if they were refused they would make a personal search, and, upon the first sign of a hostile action, they would make use of their weapons.

"I wonder," remarked the professor, "if those Indians are anthropophagenarians?"

"Anthro what?" gasped Joe.

"Why, cannibals," returned the professor.

"Can't say, I am sure. They eat suckers, though, so I've heard," said Joe, grimly.

As they drew near enough to be seen, several Indians came out to meet them. They appeared very friendly when they saw so formidable a force, but when questioned as to the prisoners they pretended to know nothing about them.

James pointed significantly to his rifle, but it only



brought a more pronounced denial as to any knowledge of the persons mentioned.

Then James, Joe, the professor and Francis began to enter the huts and occasionally shout for Helen and Edward. They went through the whole village without finding a trace of the captives.

"James," said Joe, "I believe these wretches have taken Helen and Edward out of the village, so as to mislead us."

"Yes," said the professor. "Their interest in us appears too great to be real. We must use some other means of learning where they are."

As they returned to Chief Stickman he smiled triumphantly.

"The white men now believe what me told them," he said. "No clutchman, no bosh here. Me know nothing of them. Me honest; no steal. Me give white men muck-muck (salmon), and then go again."

"Not so fast, my fine fellow," said James, his anger rising at the wily red man's words, and his expectation that they would be satisfied with a few frozen fish. "You bring us the captives here by to-night or we shall take you out on the mountains



and shoot you through the heart. We're going now, and you must go with us. Tell your friends what I have said, and then come along."

The native chief stood a moment in meditation. He feared that if the men found he had the captives they would also know that he had the provisions, and they would not only lose both, but might be punished also. Besides he expected a handsome ransom for the two prisoners from the miner who would be back that day. He was in a dilemma. He looked at James and saw nothing but a set determination in his face. He felt sure that if the prisoners were not restored to their friends within the specified time, he would be summarily dealt with. Calling one of the Indians, he spoke to him for some minutes, and then James ordered the chief to fall in, and they started to march out of the foul-smelling village, to the consternation of the native men, women and children.

Their cries and lamentations stirred up the Indians, and James observed that they were preparing to attempt a rescue. He did not wish to precipitate a fight, and at the same time was determined to retain possession of the chief.



Suddenly there was heard a voice in the air.

“Do not harm the white men. The chief must go with them, and if the clutchman and bosh are not brought to the white men, the chief must die. Does Chief Stickman hear that?”

The Indians looked about with astonishment and alarm.

Again the voice sounded right over their heads:

“Go at once and bring the clutchman and bosh to the top of the mountain.”

The Indians became terror-stricken. They dropped their weapons and disappeared at once, and James and his friends again started off with their prisoner.

Thus again James' gift of ventriloquism came in handy.



## CHAPTER XXI.

OUR FRIENDS HAVE MANY SURPRISES.

As William Barry stood watching the four men entering the village, he also observed two Indians with a white woman and a young man in front of them go running down the river on the ice.

"The captives!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what those rascals are up to now? I'll watch and see!" Mr. Barry half suspected that the white men he had seen were a rescuing party, so he determined to keep the captives in sight, and he ran along the river bank with his light sleigh, keeping the party in view. They were soon out of sight around a bend of the stream, but he kept on until he saw the trail lead to a hut, several miles from the village. He followed, fully determined to go there and endeavor to secure the release of the two prisoners.

The Indians knew him, but refused to allow him to come near, saying that he must see the chief.



Mr. Barry offered them the gold he had with him, but the natives shook their heads. Then he started for the hut, and the Indians raised their spears threateningly. Mr. Barry put his rifle to his shoulder, at which they dropped their weapons and raised their hands, denoting submission.

At the same moment the door suddenly flew open and out came Helen and Edward.

"Oh, save us, sir!" cried Helen, imploringly, as she ran to the miner, who was holding the natives at bay with raised rifle.

"Come right here, Miss," said Mr. Barry; "and, young man, take this revolver. It's two to two now, so I think we can take care of ourselves. Let us hurry away as fast as we can."

"How kind and brave you are to come to our rescue!" exclaimed Helen, with gratitude. "How can we ever repay you?"

"Never mind about that, young lady. It would be a heartless man, indeed, who would not lend a helping hand to one in distress. Come!" And telling Helen and Edward to cross the river, he followed behind to keep an eye on the two natives.

As Edward first gazed on the face of his rescuer,



he was greatly startled. His thoughts went back to when he was about twelve years of age, and when he had parted with his father, who was then bound for Alaska, where, with a number of others, he had expected to become "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." As he now compared his father with this man, he noted a great resemblance, though he remembered his father as being much younger and wearing only a moustache, while this man had a full beard, and appeared much thinner. He followed Helen mechanically, and occasionally looked back at his rescuer with a strange sensation in his heart. He was much affected, and a conviction was entering his soul that this generous, daring and self-sacrificing man was no other than his father. Tears of joy came to his eyes as he asked himself if that man was really his dear parent. It must be so! He could be no other!

"What is the matter, Edward?" asked Helen, as she kept running; "you seem disturbed and affected about something."

"I think I have made a discovery, Miss Griffin," answered Edward, beginning to recover his usual manner.



"And pray, what may it be?" asked Helen. "A gold mine?"

"Better than that!" answered Edward; "I feel almost certain that I have found my father!"

"When and where did you find him?" asked Helen, wonderingly.

"Miss Griffin," said Edward, with great feeling, "I am convinced that our rescuer here is no other than my dear father, whom we have traveled so far to find."

"Oh, Edward, are you sure? How fortunate we are if it is true! So noble and brave!" exclaimed Helen.

"Say nothing about it, yet, Miss Griffin," said Edward. "Let us await developments."

They were now across the river, and were soon joined by Mr. Barry. He hurried them forward, and said that they should reach the heights of a mountain nearby as soon as possible, so as to have a good view of the village without being seen themselves. They had no sooner reached an elevated position, than they observed the four white men leaving the village, with an Indian accompanying them. They went several points to the west of



where Helen, Edward and Mr. Barry were concealed, but even at that great distance Helen and Edward both recognized James and his friends.

"It's James and the others!" exclaimed Helen. "Oh, let us hasten to them!"

"Wait a moment, young lady," said Mr. Barry; "we can go along this hill and reach them within a short time and without being observed. There go several natives down the river toward where you two were confined. Maybe they have decided to liberate you. Well, they'll be too late, that's all. Come, let us hurry toward your friends."

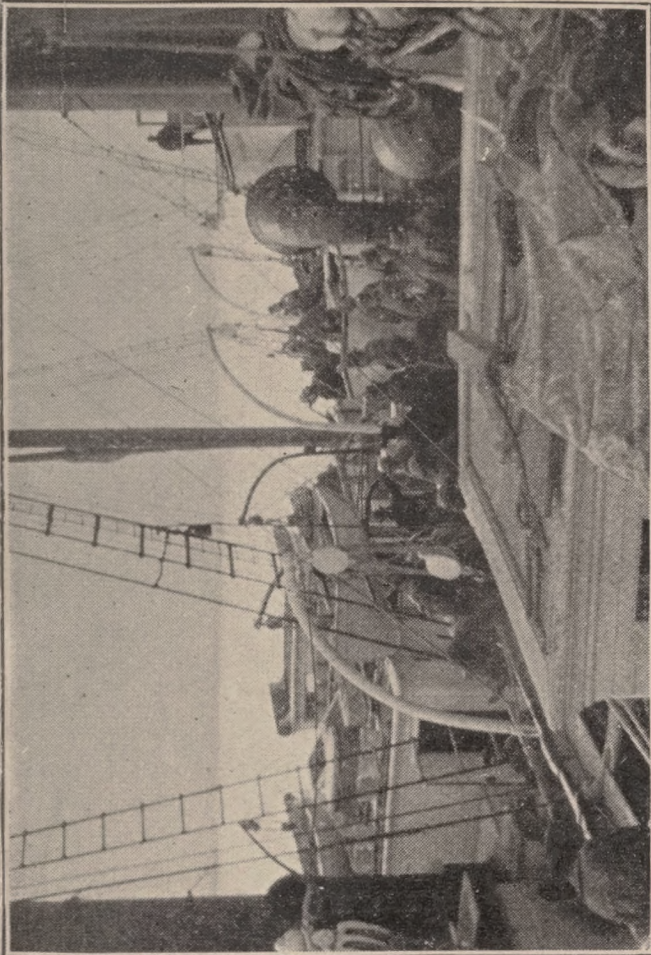
Mr. Barry had been so absorbed in his work of rescue and his endeavor to reach this advantageous position that he hardly looked at the late captives, and had asked no questions of them, and Helen and Edward were silent, but observing. They hurried on over the hard snow and great piles of rocks, always keeping James, Joe, the professor and Francis in view.

"Are we going too fast for you, Miss," asked Mr. Barry. "We had better slow up, as we have plenty of time, and will soon cross the trail of your friends. We can follow it and catch up to them easily at the

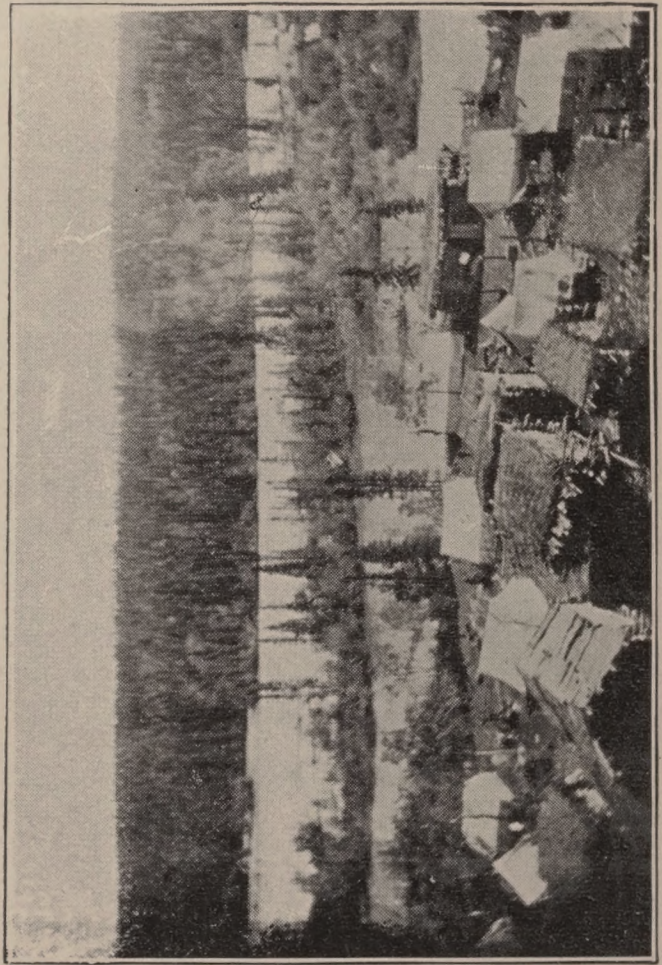




SOME MEMBERS OF CHIEF STICKMAN'S TRIBE - See page 184.



DECKS OF EXCELSIOR AND NEWPORT. - See page 199.



INDIAN HUTS AND MINERS' TENTS. - See page 200.



MINERS SELLING OUT AND GOING HOME. - See page 220.







rate they are going. I wonder what they intend doing with that Indian?" he mused to himself.

Helen was nearly exhausted, as she had gone many miles over exceedingly rough ground, and was weak from fatigue and hunger.

A halt was made and a fire built, and Mr. Barry prepared a simple but appetizing meal to which they all did justice.

"We're pretty short of rations," said Mr. Barry, after all had finished, "but I guess you will be among your friends before you need to eat again."

"What will you do then for food?" asked Helen.

"Oh, I have enough in my cabin, but at present I cannot get it. Perhaps I'll have to ask a favor of your friends. They can be of great help to me if they will."

"Rest assured that you can depend upon them," said Helen. "My brother will be grateful for your kindness to us, and there is no favor you could ask that he would not grant, if it is within his power."

"But this is a serious undertaking—he may be compelled to risk his life."

"And have you not done as much for us?" an-



swered Helen. "You will find our friends all that you could wish them to be."

Still not a word had been said concerning personal matters, and no names had been mentioned. Mr. Barry seemed neither inquisitive nor communicative. Helen and Edward hoped to hear him mention his name, but he did not do so, and they offered no information about themselves, or asked any questions of their rescuer.

Mr. Barry seemed in no hurry to go on, so a long rest was enjoyed by Helen and Edward. Mr. Barry busied himself with his sleigh, and watched the Indian village critically.

At last a start was made, and in a couple of hours they came to the trail of James and his friends. At the same time they saw several natives coming toward them from the village, so our friends hid themselves until the Indians had passed, and then followed on. They soon came in view of James' party, and the Indians appeared excited over something.

James was observed to tie the chief's hands behind him, and at a distance of ten yards stood Joe, gun in hand. The other Indians fell upon the



ground and appeared to be pleading for the life of their leader.

"It looks as though they are threatening to shoot that sly old dog if he does not deliver you two up, and the Indians are telling of your escape. Guess we'd better show ourselves," said Barry.

Then Mr. Barry uttered a loud halloo, and James and the others looked in the direction of the sound and saw Helen, Edward and a stranger approaching.

While James, Francis and the professor had eyes only for Helen and Edward, Joe was critically scrutinizing the stranger.

There was a happy meeting between the liberated captives and the other members of the party, and when Francis' turn came to greet Helen, he could not resist an impulse to imprint a kiss upon her rosy lips. The professor smiled knowingly, and, extending his hands to Francis and Helen, said: "'Pax vobiscum' (God be with you). I am glad to see that you young people have come to understand each other. Quite romantic, too, on top of a mountain, with zero weather," and then turning to Francis the professor continued: "Let me congratulate



you, Francis, on your conquest. As my Scotch friend, MacFarlane, would say, she is 'a fawsont, primsie, couthie hizzie; nocht pawkie or skeigh about her,' which translated into English, means that she is a seemly, demure, loving young girl; nothing sly or proud about her."

"James," said Helen, when she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak, "we are indebted to this man for our liberty. Single-handed, he rescued us from the natives, after they had taken us out of the village. I do not know his name, but I think you will find him just the kind of a man you have been looking for. He wants to ask a favor of you—grant it if you can."

Then Helen turned to Mr. Barry and said:

"My friend, here is my brother, Mr. Griffin," and then, extending her hand toward the others, said: "Professor Caldwell, Mr. LaBoule and Mr. Farrell."

At the mention of Joe's name, Mr. Barry sprang forward, and they grasped each other warmly by the hands.

The old partners had met again!



## CHAPTER XXII.

JAMES' FATHER GOES TO THE COPPER RIVER COUNTRY.

When Emil Griffin, James' father, received his son's letter in Paris, France, telling of his intention to go into the Copper river country to look for William Barry, he concluded to also make a trip there, but by the water route via Port Valdes, and then across country to the place James had so carefully and minutely explained to him from the map and papers of the late Albert Nugent. Mr. Griffin thought the trip would do him good, as he now felt strong and rested. As his son James expected to spend a whole year there, he would be sure of meeting him during the summer.

He secured books of information and maps, and calculated that if he left San Francisco or Seattle in March, he would be able to reach the South fork of the Chusana at about the right season of the year.

There were still several months' time before the



trip could be made, so Mr. and Mrs. Griffin spent some weeks in the South of Europe and then returned to New York and to San Francisco.

Mr. Griffin had assured Mrs. Griffin that there would be little or no danger on the short trip overland, and that within a few months he would be with James and Helen. The distance from Port Valdes was less than 200 miles, and thousands were going over the trail.

After spending a week at home, Mr. Griffin decided to go to Seattle to fit himself out for the trip, and, after a few days, the steamer *Excelsior* left the wharf amid great scenes of excitement, bound for Valdes, near the mouth of the Copper river.

Once on board, Mr. Griffin looked about to see with whom he would cast his lot in crossing the glaciers, as it would be unwise, if not physically impossible, for a man to attempt to go alone.

He finally became acquainted with a small party of men from the East—that is, Wisconsin, which in San Francisco is considered the East. The leader was a stalwart and intelligent fellow named Charles Dietrich, and arrangements were soon made with him, and thereafter they were much together. Mr.



Dietrich kept a diary of his trip, which is herewith given, as it is exact in every particular:

### THE DIARY.\*

March 20, 1898—Sailed at 3:30 p. m. on the steamer *Excelsior*. Thousands of people at the wharf.

March 21—First day out, sunshine and lovely scenery. Many mountains to be seen.

March 22—Met a steamer coming back. It was loaded with fine people and all were happy. Saw a lot of seals, ducks and five whales. This is no fish story. Had to lay in bay all night on account of fog, but got away at 5 o'clock in the morning.

March 23—Snow and rain this morning. Saw more whales and seals, and sunken steamer. Stopped at St. Mary's Island. Snow-capped mountains all about us. Mailed letters home.

March 24—Weather stormy. Saw some sharks. Sea awful rough. I feel sea sick, but Mr. Griffin stands

it O. K. He's used to the sea and has his sea legs on. Only ate one meal to-day. Can't keep it down.

March 25—Feel better this morning. A volcano is in sight off Sitka, Alaska. Nothing now but snow-topped mountains. Weather moderating, sea quiet. Feeling a little better. Will try to eat breakfast. Saw some sharks and porpoises. Mt. St. Elias, over 18,000 feet high, is a great sight. Sea getting rough again. Have that tired, spring feeling.

March 26—Sunday—Shores of Alaska in sight. Lovely day. Just passed a steamer with a lot of gold seekers on board. Feel better. Had a cup of coffee with five biscuits.

March 27-28—Remained at Orca for thirty hours. Finally got started, but ran into a snowstorm and are

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\*The Diary was kept from day to day and the events therein described can be relied upon as being absolutely correct as can be verified by any of the thousands of people who went over the route.



drifting around. Don't know where we are. To pass away the time the boys are fishing. Caught codfish and halibut. Had to anchor again.

March 29—Still on the way to Valdes pass. Snowstorms raging again, and boat drifting. We are all getting sick of it. Maybe we shall get ashore to-morrow. Hope so.

March 30—The same old chestnut, and the same old snowstorm. Haven't moved an inch in twenty-four hours. We are paying \$10 a day to sleep on a piece of canvas, and have to use our own blankets. There are about 200 men bunked up together in the room, and you can't imagine how things are running. Our meals are served, or rather thrown at us, on a swinging table, which we have to catch before we can get something to eat. Everybody grabs a tin dish, and then the steward comes along with a large pan—and there you are. It is enough to make a man sick. Lucky for Mr. Griffin that he got special quarters. I don't

think he could stand it here.

March 31—At the foot of the Pass at last!—11 o'clock a. m.

April 1—In camp on the beach. Getting our goods straightened out. Everybody had to help unload and all were willing to work to get a little exercise.

April 2—In camp still, tired and worn out with work. Packed four loads about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles up the trail. Think we will rest to-morrow. This is no fun.

April 3 (Sunday)—Resting to-day. Beans for dinner, could not get fresh meat. Steamer Arrival came in to-day with 120 passengers. We shall start to-morrow for the trail.

April 4—At Copper City. There are lots of tents and about 100 men moving about and working hard. Made two trips to-day. It is no fun to pull a sleigh up about 70 feet high. Wouldn't do it again for love or money, but we will get there just the same. Mr. Griffin stands it first-rate, and I guess he will



hold out with the best of us. Another steamer, the *Alliance*, landed a crowd here to-day. Don't know who they are. Didn't have time to see them.

April 5—Still at work getting our goods to the first bench. Will finish to-morrow I think. Cook is making biscuits and rolling them out with a beer bottle. Have to melt snow to get water, and we have to haul wood about two miles to keep warm. When at home we would kick to go to the woodshed to get wood or coal, but it's no use kicking here. Such is life in Alaska.

April 6—Two trips to-day. Very hard work. Have a bad cold, and think I'll rest this afternoon. Will strike out for second bench to-morrow. Lots of fun to pull a sled with a 200-pound load on a 70-foot grade, and keep going up and down hill all day—I guess nit!

April 7—At it still. Working with block and tackle now. Three gangs bunched up together. A dozen men pull about 800 pounds up the mountain side. There

are four benches, and we are on the second one now. We make about a mile a day with all our goods.

April 8—Will try the third bench to-day with block and tackle. You load your sled at the bottom of the glacier, and then climb up to the block and tackle and take hold of the rope and pull the sled up, and so you continue until all your freight is hoisted.

April 9—Finished the third bench to-day. Worked from 5 a. m. to 8 p. m.

April 10 (Sunday)—This is a day of rest. Glad of it. Nobody is working to-day as it is Easter. We had services, but not an egg to eat in camp. You couldn't get one for a thousand dollars.

April 11—On the third bench at last, (a bench is another rise on the mountain). We are now living and sleeping on a glacier—nothing but snow and ice. We are working as hard as one can to get off from it, as it thaws in summer and gets so soft that it is then impossible to travel over it.



April 12—Blowing hard outside. Getting into a winter climate again, as we are going up, up, all the time. Think it will take us about three weeks to get over the pass. Then we shall be all right. Took one load of about 150 pounds to the foot of the fourth bench, which is about 1,500 feet above the sea. One of our neighbors got tired to-day, so he hired a man to take up a thousand pounds for him at 7 cents a pound—\$70. What do you think of that? A bale of hay here costs \$5 (about 65 pounds), whiskey \$1.25 a pint, herring 75c a dozen. Mr. Griffin bought a pair of leather pants for \$4 of a fellow that got sick of his job. He didn't need them, but the price was cheap and the poor fellow wanted to go home. There is a schooner in the bay with 150 more gold seekers. The last fresh meat we had was when we left the boat and that was not very fresh. I wouldn't mind a dish of boarding house hash just now, and I'd give a dollar for an egg.

April 13—Started out this

morning with a load of provisions and got caught in a blizzard about three miles from camp. Such tugging and pulling you never saw. Talk about cruelty to animals in the city, they ought to have had our job. It took us four hours to go five miles. But we got back to our 8x10 home all right. There's hardly room to turn around—four men to sleep, eat and cook. Started out again in the afternoon but it stormed so hard that after we went about a mile we had to leave our goods (about 300 pounds) and try to get back to camp. In a little while we could no longer see the trail, then we realized that we were lost in the mountains in a blizzard. Mr. Griffin got his compass, and we finally got our bearings, and then we felt our way along. Just then we met another fellow going the opposite way, so we followed his trail and got home all right, but wet and full of snow. What became of the fellow we met it is hard to say.

April 14—Could not work this morning. Snowing



outside. Trail all covered up. But in afternoon we got out in the storm and succeeded in getting a load over all right. Another boat landed 180 passengers here to-day. People are coming thick this way. They say the other passes are overloaded with gold seekers. They'd better hurry up as this pass is getting soft on the lower sides, and packing will be hard. Mr. Sloan is drying his socks on the stove.

April 15—Made two trips to-day. Saw a dead man hauled by our tent on a sled. Also heard a report to-day that 400 people were buried at Skaguay by a snow slide, and only about 100 saved. We see snow slides here every day, but they are at a distance. The boys say that I snore so loud that the center pole of the tent shakes. Can't help it.

April 16—Another snow-storm to-day. We are out of wood and will have to go back to the bench and get some, about seven miles. It took us from 7 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon. Yes, we are

getting it right in the neck—sleeping on snow and ice and living on bacon and biscuit and hardtack most of the time.

April 17—This is Sunday, and a day of rest. Only one trip of twelve miles, 600 pounds on a sled. Started at 9 o'clock and got home at 4. Had dumplings and bacon for supper. Tell you they tasted good. Going to move camp to-morrow. Mr. Griffin anxious to get ahead. Monday seems to be our lucky day, for we always move on Monday. This is the third time that happened. Just got our beds in, gave them an airing. They needed it. Next camp we are going to have two tents, if it does take more wood. In one we'll do the cooking, and sleep in the other. Have plenty of wood with us to cross the summit which will take, we think, about two weeks yet. Then we'll go down hill to the Copper river. I don't think there's any bottom to the snow and ice here.

April 18—Camp moved to foot of fourth bench. Could only make one trip to-day,



besides setting up our tents. I baked biscuits to-day and could eat them without getting an axe to cut them. Can't write any more to-night as my eyes are bad from snow blindness.

April 19—Three trips to-day. Hard work. Mr. Griffin is cheerful and well, and is a hard worker. We are all getting bad eyes. Report here to-day that City of Seattle, bound for Skaguay, went down with 450 passengers. The steamer Valencia is in port with another load of goldseekers. Sorry for them. Nothing but hard work before them. We are all in the same fix. Had corn bread for supper. It tasted good. In fact everything we eat here tastes good.

April 20—Two trips this morning. Stopped all work on account of report among our neighbors that we were on the wrong trail. Held a big meeting to consider the case, and find some way to get out of our trouble. I was the cook this afternoon and tried my hand at boiling dried peaches, and cooking evaporated potatoes. My eyes still bother

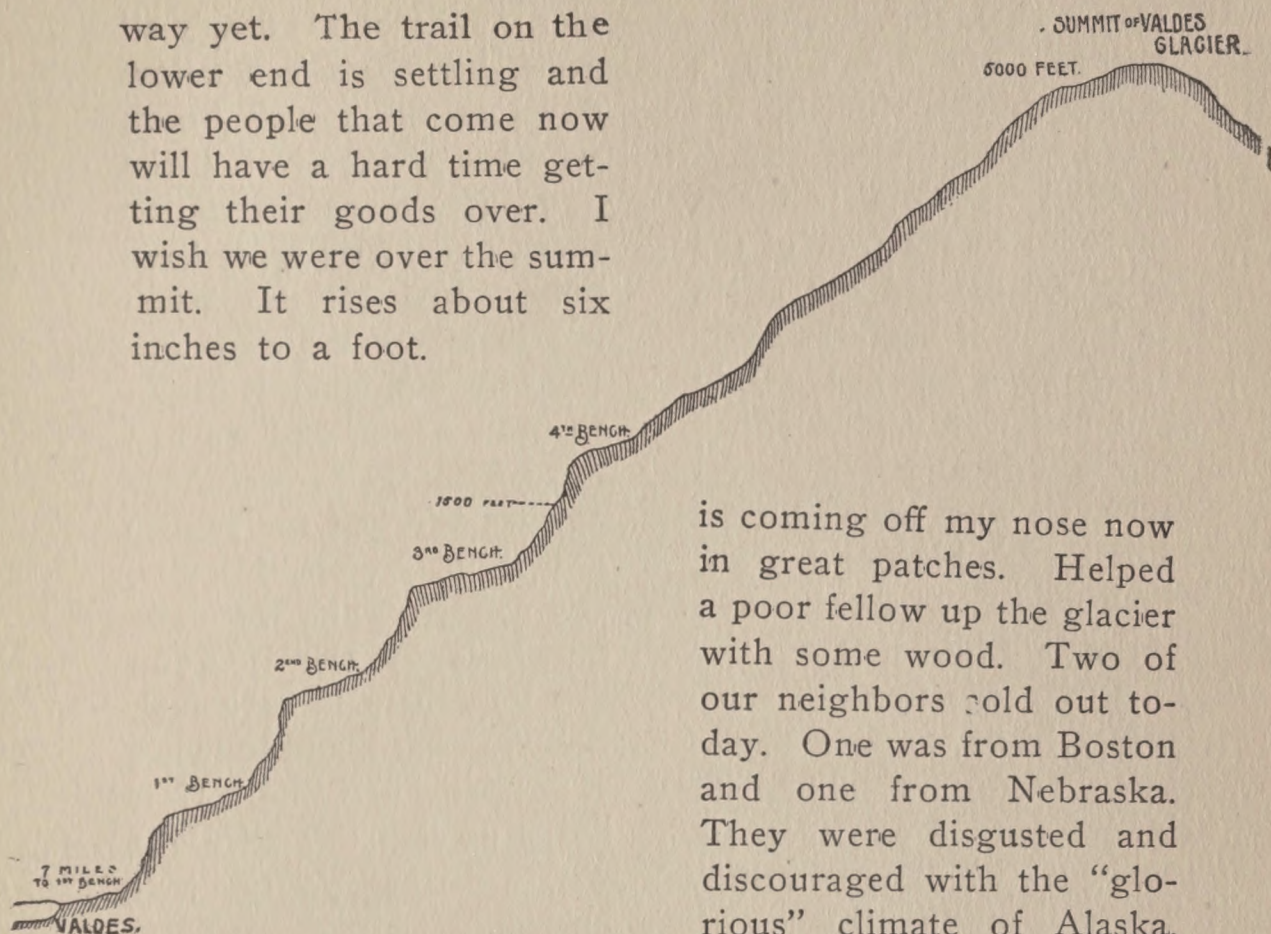
me, and I can hardly see to write these few lines. Mr. Jaenert is sawing and splitting wood.

April 21—Moved our goods from the foot of the fourth bench to the foot of the summit. Now comes a hard job, as the fourth bench is about 500 feet high. Then we have a gradual rise for six miles to the foot of the summit. The mail man passed this afternoon, but only Mr. Griffin got a letter. Bought 100 pounds of flour to-day for ten dollars. Thought we had better take it, as we are using our supply freely and are likely to be on the trail longer than we bargained for. Lots of the boys are selling their outfits and going home. They can't stand it. Would like to go home myself. Storming again to-night. Just went out to tighten the ropes, as the tent appeared a little shaky.

April 22—Made three trips on the fourth bench this morning, one to the foot of the summit. Forty soldiers have arrived. They are still on the beach. Haven't seen any up our



way yet. The trail on the lower end is settling and the people that come now will have a hard time getting their goods over. I wish we were over the summit. It rises about six inches to a foot.



April 23—One trip from foot of fourth bench to foot of glacier this morning, and one in afternoon. Got in this morning at 8 o'clock. Talk about long hours, we get them here. The wind is blowing pretty hard. Just strengthened our tent ropes to make them safe. You ought to see our faces. The skin is all peeling off. Sunburnt in the land of everlasting snow. We must wear glasses to protect our eyes and a handkerchief to protect our faces. The skin

is coming off my nose now in great patches. Helped a poor fellow up the glacier with some wood. Two of our neighbors sold out to-day. One was from Boston and one from Nebraska. They were disgusted and discouraged with the "glorious" climate of Alaska. The Nebraska man had paid \$90 to get his goods to foot of the summit, and when he saw the glacier he simply quit. He gave us his goods and told us to remember him if we struck it rich.

April 24—Not working to-day. Never did like Sunday work. Spent most of the day reading Livingston's Travels in Africa. We have only a few books and we read them over and over again. Had a great dinner to-day—apple pie



(50c a cut), rice, beans and bacon. We didn't do a thing to the victuals, but clean off the table.

April 25—One trip this morning to the foot of the glacier. Started out again in afternoon and was overtaken by a blizzard. Only got half way, and dropped our goods and had to return to our little Alaska home. It's humble, but oh, how we like to see it when we're in a blizzard!

April 26—Found ourselves badly snowed under this morning. Could hardly get out of our tent on account of snow drifts. Hung around until some of our neighbors started out and made a trail, then we took down our tent, as it was moving day, (it's cheaper to move than to pay rent), and headed for the summit. Well, we had an awful time, as we all had more on our sleds than we ought to have had, and the roads being bad, it was hard work. We pulled and groaned, and sweat and froze, and got there just the same. The next three or four days will be hard ones getting over this old gla-

cier. Our wood is nearly all gone, but there is a fellow down at the fourth bench who has about seven sticks and wants seven dollars for them. Well, we must have them. Just got this evening to where we were going to camp, when it began to snow again, and we had to rush things to get under cover. We had for supper pea soup, bacon, biscuits, and coffee. Then we made our beds on the ice, and got into them to save fuel. Snowing hard, and blowing a regular hurricane. If it keeps up like this all night we will be pretty well buried.

April 27—All snowed under this morning, and we can hardly get out of our tent. Wind blowing forty miles an hour. Can't work to-day. I went out and could not see my hand before my face, nor could I stand up. Our wood is gone, as we used the last for breakfast, when a neighbor came over and ate with us. He came last night and forgot to bring any wood along. We stood around all day with our coats on to keep from



freezing. Mr. Griffin went to bed to keep warm. For supper we ate hardtack and apple sauce. Water is scarce—not even enough for a good drink—as we have no fire to melt the snow. It is now daylight from 4 a. m. to 9 p. m.

April 28—Storm still raging. Had to dig our way out of the tent and all around it to keep it from caving in. Had to have a fire, so we took the handles of our sleds and burned them. Several neighbors came over to our tent to





hold a council of war on the wood question. One of the men said he saw several sticks belonging to a man who had taken them up and gone back for his goods, so we decided to borrow them. We finally dug them out of ten feet of snow. Then we got up a dinner for all hands, and such a dinner it was!—cornbread, cornmeal mush, and corn-fed bacon—a regular Nebraska cornmeal dinner—and prunes. It is still storming while I write this, and there is no sign of a let-up. Spent the time in telling stories, and Mr. Griffin entertained us for a couple of hours. Our sleeping bags come in handy now. You ought to see how we look after we have been out in the storm for five minutes! It is awful. Never knew what a snowstorm really was till now, although I have seen some bad ones in the states.

April 29—The same old chestnut—had to dig our way out of the tent, and then dig out the tent to keep it from caving in on us, as the snow on top of it was too much for it. Had a late breakfast. A horse

belonging to one of our neighbors died last night from the chills, he said. I guess it was from starvation and thirst. He was offered \$370 for him a couple of days before. Three days now since the storm started, and it is still howling. We cleaned all our guns to-day as they were getting rusty, and did some mending. Did a lot of shoveling again to-day. Looks as if our tent would yet cave in. All that we can see of our neighbors is the tent poles. We are the highest up of all in the "village" and we can look down on the other tents. One poor fellow was here to-day and wanted to get a few hardtacks. He said he could not find his cache. We gave him about a dozen. Two men came down from the glacier to-day up to their arms in the soft snow. They had been up to their cache to get something to eat. There will be a hard time in this old town if the storm does not let up soon. The others have gone to bed, but we have concluded that one had better stay up all night to









FOOT OF VALDES GLACIER, TAKEN ONE-THIRD OF A MILE AWAY.—*See page 201.*



PART OF THIRD BENCH ON GLACIER.—*See page 201.*



watch, as the storm is a fright.

April 30—All alive still. The tent had sagged so from the snow on top that the boys had to put their clothes on lying down. Had to shovel our tent out of the snow and it was 12 o'clock before we could get a fire for our breakfast. Have only enough wood for one more meal. This makes ninety-six hours straight of blizzard. Not a stroke of work since last Tuesday evening except to shovel snow. Everybody in camp is doubling up so as to save wood. Most of them are living on one meal a day. Mr. Jaenert just went out and got a piece of horse meat for Mr. Griffin's dog, Fido, the first meat the dog had in Alaska. Still snowing and blowing, and the snow is now fourteen feet higher than our tent, and we are going to move it higher to-morrow. Was just going to bed and had my rubber boots off, when I heard a snow slide near us, and then a cry for help. I got the boys out in a hurry, and away we went with snow shovels down

the mountain, up to our arms in the snow. We soon saw that half of our town was carried away, and the poor fellows were buried in every direction. We worked with shovels like tigers and rescued many, and finally we located a man and his wife about ten feet under the snow. They were alive and we soon got them out. They told us where there was another tent, and I tell you, we did not lose any time in getting to work. We got two men out and they were nearly done up. We gave them each a drink and they revived. All the other boys were also hard at work, and two poor fellows were taken out dead. It was a wild night and none of us went to sleep, as all were too excited.

May 1—Sunday again. I suppose it is getting summer down in the states, while here we are sleeping on snow. All hands determined to move farther up to-day, so as to get away from snow slides that are liable to come down any minute. Fifty men started out breaking a trail, and we



got a tent and some provisions to the summit, and stayed on the glacier. There were seven men in our tent, but we all slept well, as we were tired out. One neighbor had been on the summit for four days alone and had nothing to eat but hardtack and snow, as he had no wood.

May 2—Snowed all night, and the trail is "out of sight"—that is we can't see it any more. We intended to stay here all day, but some neighbors asked us to help make another trail, so we went. Half way down we met another party working up. They told us that there had been another slide last night and the other part of the town was wiped out. We felt pretty blue and hurried down to see how it looked. There was no sign of our other tent that we left the day before, and the other tents were gone too. We finally located our tent and found it all caved in and some distance below. We heard Fido bark, and we soon got him out. How he escaped death we do not know. The next was to find our

cache, and we had to look around an hour before we were able to locate it. It was under eighteen feet of snow. Got our stuff out and began packing it up the summit—fifty pounds to the man. It was no fun.

May 3—Got up at 4 o'clock and worked like we never worked before to get our goods out of the way of snow slides. Got up one load before breakfast, and then got half of our goods half way up when it began to snow again. The snow was so wet that we got soaked—not a dry stitch on our backs. We think that lots of our goods are lost. Thousands of dollars worth of goods are strewn along the trail that will never be found, as they are covered with from ten to twenty feet of snow. This afternoon storm passing away. Lots of people are walking around with long poles, looking for their goods under the snow. The man and his wife that we rescued are on their way back to Valdes. They said they had seen all they wanted to of Alaska, and would be thankful if they got home



alive. We are working to "beat the band" now so as to get out of this country. About twenty bags of our provisions are lost beneath the snow. Found our sleigh this afternoon about half a mile away from where we had our goods stored. We are wringing wet again. Got home at 8 o'clock.

May 4—First decent day in two weeks. Put our clothes and bedding outside to dry. Made one trip this morning before breakfast. A man passed from the Copper River. He told us we were all right and gave us lots of pointers.

May 5—Started out to look for some lost goods on the glacier about eight miles from our camp. Located one batch but not the other. I suppose they are a gonner. Worked all forenoon to get what we found on the glacier. Several of us went snow blind in the afternoon, so had to quit work. Went out again after dark and made two benches on the glacier—about 60 feet each time. A snowstorm chased us home about midnight.

May 6—Went to work at

noon and made three more benches on the glacier. Have everything on top now except what is lost. To-morrow we expect to move our camp twelve miles down hill, where there is wood and water, and birds singing in the trees.

May 7—Took down tents, and packed them on our sleighs and said good-bye to the old glaciers for a day at least. Our goods are there yet. We now have our camp on the banks of a creek, and there is plenty of wood all about us. This we consider a great blessing after our terrible experience on the glacier. How I pity the poor fellows who must yet get over! It sounds fine to hear the water running by our door, and feel the good old ground under our feet after about thirty-seven days on snow and ice. We heard some wild geese flying over us this morning, and we won't do a thing to them when we get a chance.

May 8—Sunday, a day of rest. Mr. Griffin feeling good now. He said it was



a pretty hard pull for him, as he is not as young as he used to be. Eyes are awful sore, and we will work nights for a time. The trail is getting soft now during the day. Gave all our clothes and beds an airing, as they were all damp from the snow and ice. We now have spring beds, as we cut a lot of branches from trees and have our beds on them. The two men who died in the snow slide were buried by their friends opposite our camp and are now sleeping by the side of running waters.

May 9—Started up the glacier again to bring down a load of goods, and got caught in a snowstorm. One of our loaded sleds got away from us coming down the glacier, and away it went nearly to the bottom, scattering things all along, and smashing the sled all to pieces. Got back in the evening.

May 10—Went to the summit again in a blinding storm. Could hardly see the trail, and after a while we had to feel our way. Took us six hours to get there. It seems like going

into a different world to get up there where it snows most of the time. Whew! how the wind did blow and the snow drift, and no shelter for us poor fellows. We would have frozen to death only for two good-hearted Germans, who happened to be on top of the glacier. They rigged up a tent for us, put a stove in it and made us some coffee. We were too stiff to help ourselves. I tell you it was a close call for us. After we got warm we went out, loaded our sleds, and helped the Germans load their sleds and took them along to our camp, where we landed at about 10 o'clock at night. Mr. Griffin was glad to see us, as our long absence worried him considerably. Tired out.

May 11—As it is yet storming hard on the glacier we will take what goods we have and move them to the next camp, three miles from here. The trail is getting soft and we have to pull hard to get our sleds over it in the daytime. Just made one trip and found out all about it.



We intend to work nights after this, as long as the frost lasts, which can't be very long, as the snow is going fast along the river. Located a nice camp this morning, and I think this will be our last one, as we cannot use our sleds much now except at certain hours when the trail is frozen. Here we intend to build our boats and drift downstream to the lake, and from there to the Copper River.

May 12—Got up at midnight, so as to hustle our goods forward on the sleds, as it is awful hard work packing on our backs, as we will have to do if we don't hurry up. Got a big load to next camp before breakfast, and then another after. We got home by dinner time, and after eating went to sleep.

May 13—Turned out at 2 a. m., but did not go to the summit as we expected to do, as it looked awful stormy up on the mountains. It's a good thing we did not go, as we saw four poor fellows coming down that had to stay there all night and sleep on the snow, with nothing but a

piece of canvas to cover them. They did not know which way to go, so covered themselves up and waited till morning. Went up to-day and managed to get our goods down all right. Thank God, the job is finished, as it was something to give one a nightmare.

May 14—Got up at 3 o'clock this morning, and got some goods we had left at the foot of the summit, and took them to our old camp. As the snow did not freeze we had a very hard job of it, and we were very glad to get the stuff as far as that. Must rest the remainder of the day as we are all tired out.

May 15—Sunday again, but we got up at 3 a. m. and started for our cache. Snow still soft and slushy and we break in every little while, but we made one trip before breakfast, which we ate cold—beans, bacon and coffee—then started out again. Got back at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Had to cross one stream five times, and carried our sleds, goods and all across. Oh, I tell you we don't



have to work in Alaska! To-morrow I think we will move our tent to our goods, where I think we will be good for a month at least, as we are going to build some boats, and then we will have to wait until the river opens up.

May 16—The trail is now so bad as we go lower and lower and the sun warmer, that a man can hardly walk on it without falling waist deep in the snow. Took us nearly all day to get settled, and then we looked up some good trees for lumber to build our boats. Now we've got to cut the boards out of the trees. Won't that be a nice job? That's nothing for Alaska—everything goes here.

May 17—Went out looking for good trees and cut down three of them. Made a saw horse, and our saw mill was ready for business. One man stands on top of the log and the other below, and away we go, push and pull, until the board is sawed off. We expect to cut up about one log a day. Mail man in camp to-night, but nothing for me, Mr. Griffin got several letters

and mailed half a dozen. He had to pay a dollar a-piece for them. Mr. Griffin says it looks like war with Spain. His letters were dated April 16. Another mail man will be along in a few days.

May 18—Hard at work sawing out lumber. Some people may think it is a snap—well I would like to have them try it. Just think of pushing and pulling that saw through five foot logs! My back is nearly broken, and if I had to keep it up long I'd be humpbacked sure.

May 19—It was tough to think of tackling that saw this morning as our backs were aching, but we just got at it, and after the old mill got well warmed up, it went along all right. Our dog Fido is on the war-path. He is trying to bite everybody. Some of our neighbors want to kill him.

May 20—Same old story—push and pull. Think we'll be finished to-morrow. Hope so. You have no idea how hard it is to play your own packhorse and run your own saw mill, be your own boss, hired man,



chief cook and dish washer. Weather is pleasant and we work in our shirt sleeves. Mr. Jaenert is washing our clothes, and about time, too, for we had not had a change since leaving Wisconsin, two months ago. Mr. Griffin, however, had made several changes, as he has a large supply with him, and that is where he is in luck. He doesn't like this delay, but wants us to push on to where his son is located. I wonder if we will find that crowd? Saw three ducks in the creek this morning, but our shots never touched them, and so we lost our fresh meat. It made us hot.

May 21—Out early this morning looking for ducks, but they flew too high, and we did not have any salt to put on their tails. Had several accidents to-day. Gun accidentally discharged while going through the timber, and a shot went through my partner's shoe, and in crossing a creek I fell in and got soaking wet. After breakfast started up our saw mill and worked until noon. All hands played out so we laid off

this afternoon. I tell you that saw mill is doing us up. Some of the boys are going out early to-morrow for ducks. Hope they'll have better luck than I did.

May 22—Got up at 2 a. m., although Sunday, and after a tramp of about five hours, got home for breakfast. No ducks. Held services and took a regular Sunday wash and got clean clothes on. It felt good—just like a new man. One man in camp sold out to-day. The saw mill business did not agree with him. Said he'd rather live on the glacier. Bought three towels, and other things. Says he's going back to Los Angeles for his health. On the side of the mountains to-day found lots of flowers, and two kinds of berries. Run on to a bear track.

May 23—Got a letter from home to-day—the first one. It cost me a dollar, but I was glad to get it. How we do wish for letters. Mr. Griffin got several again. Good thing he's got plenty of cash. Had the first bread to-day that was raised with yeast since we



left Seattle. The saw mill running to-day and are nearly through with the job. Saw three snow slides to-day, but I guess they didn't do anybody any harm.

May 24—Building a boat to-day. Got along fine, though it is slow work.

May 25—We have the finest shipyard on the creek, and if Uncle Sam needs any more boats we are ready to bid on them—anything from a torpedo boat to a companion to the Maine. Several of the boys created considerable excitement to-day by coming into camp with three beavers, and as the tracks of mountain lion and bear were seen we are all getting our guns ready. Two men came in camp this evening from the Copper River. They report Lake Klutena is full of ice and slush, so we need not be in any hurry to get away from here for two or three weeks yet.

May 26—Finished one boat to-day, and are working on another. We are going to have fine boats, and they beat anything being made here. A nice

day and we worked hard. To-morrow they are going to start a saw mill near our camp, but we don't want any of their lumber as it will come pretty high.

May 27—An awful wind this morning. During the night one of our neighbors' tents blew over, and they got out in their night clothes to put it up again. Will have all the wood-work done on our boats by to-morrow and will then do the caulking. Two more men went home this morning discouraged. They said the worst of the trip was yet before us. Awful wind and cold and raw.

May 28—To-day it was just a little sunshine and just a little rain. No excitement in camp. Caulking our boats. Disagreeable weather.

May 29—No work to-day. Went out hunting. No luck.

May 30—Ran short of tar and had to go in the timber to get some pitch for our boats. Found plenty. Two men who had gone out hunting came in to-day with a bear. Great excitement.



May 31—Launched our boats, and took down forty-eight bags and nine boxes to a cache four miles down the river. Hard time coming back. Two of us fell into the water, and had to swim for it. We were glad to get back to camp and into dry clothes.

June 1—Took two boat loads seven miles from our camp to-day. That boat business is about as hard as hauling on the sleds. There are awful many rocks in this river and ever so many bends. We had several narrow escapes. Several fellows got swamped, and had to unload their boat, patch it up as good as they could and keep on.

June 2—No work to-day. Glad of it, as I am very sore. The wind is blowing great guns. Some of the boys went out hunting and prospecting. There must have been an awful fire here some time, as one can walk for miles on fallen and burned trees. Hunters returned. No game.

June 3—Pulled our boats four miles up stream to a cache of ours and got the remainder of our goods to

Seven Mile camp. What I mean by pulling is to take a rope over your shoulder and drag it along. The current is so fast that one cannot use the oars. Two of the boys of our crowd fell into the water. Met a boat coming down and while we were near them they upset, and came out like drowned rats. We rescued what we could of the goods and they continued on. We are going to try to make a trip to the lake to-day. The mosquitoes are very bad and large enough to eat a horse.

June 4—Our boats were full of ice this morning. This is a peculiar country. It seems to be daylight all the time—when we go to bed and when we get up. The sun rises in the northeast and sets in the northwest—in fact it is day all the time. One can read at any time of the night now. Started out this morning with two boat loads of provisions for the lake and we got through all right, but some of the other boys did not fare so well. The bow of their boat struck a snag and swung around broad-



side and the swift current rolled them over, and everything went into the water, and one of the men was carried down half a mile before he was rescued, half dead. They lost nine bags of their goods, and their rifle and shot guns and a box of hardware. Going back to camp we picked up several bags of provisions in the river and later saw a boat turned upside down on the rocks. The owners were on shore drying their clothes. They were glad to get some of their goods back.

June 5—Went fishing this morning, being Sunday, but got nothing. Met a fellow with a spear and we all went to the lake and secured seventeen fish. How's that? My! but they tasted good! Just what we needed, as we were nearly starved for the want of a change of diet.

June 6—Made a spear last night and started out for some more fish. Got seven speckled beauties—mountain trout. We are living like lords now. Moved four miles farther down the river to the lake where

we have our cache. Set our fish lines and got two fish, each over two feet long.

June 7—Out prospecting to-day—we call it hunting here—climbing mountains, gulches, etc. Have a fine location right on the lake. Found lots of wild onions, and caught more fish and a porcupine.

June 8—Still in camp as this is a paradise. Will stay as long as we can. Mr. Griffin is down to the water doing some washing, others are prospecting a little and I am laid up with a sore foot. In cutting wood the axe went through my shoes, socks, and into my foot. Rigged up a sail on one of our boats this afternoon. Found an old raft on the beach. Just what we want, as our boats are not large enough to take all our goods at one trip. Will load the raft and then sail over (25 miles across) a-flying.

June 9—Caught two trout this morning for breakfast. The mosquitoes are an awful nuisance. Fixed one of our boats that leaked.

June 10—Caught and ate fish to-day.



June 11—Broke camp this morning to go across lake. No wind, so we rowed. At noon wind came up and helped us. Toward evening wind got too strong and we ran ashore. One boat tipped over but we got our stuff ashore and camped there. Whew, but you ought to see the mosquitoes! We had to put a netting over our heads when we went to bed.

June 12—Had to get away from here on account of mosquitoes. Came near eating us up. Entered the Klutena River, went down about three miles, and stopped before the rapids. We were afraid to go over them, so we camped again, as it was Sunday, and watched to see some one shoot them. In a short time some boats came along and went over all right.

June 13—Shot the rapids without trouble this morning, and made camp a mile farther down the river. Can't go any further on account of rocks and rapids. They call it Williams Landing. Here we must build a log cache for our goods,

and pack only just as much as we shall need for about three months to the Copper river country, and come back when the snow flies and get the rest.

June 14—Went back to the head of the river to get our raft that we left behind yesterday. Brought it down and now have everything in camp. Took our raft apart and are going to use it to build our cache.

June 15—Have cache all finished except roof. Tomorrow we are going to pack some goods to the Copper river—enough for two men for a week's trip. We are going about twenty-five miles from here.

June 16—Started down the Klutena River with about fifty pounds of provisions on our backs. It went pretty easy for a time, but in an hour or so, those fifty pounds seemed to weigh a ton. It began to rain, so we started a fire below a big tree and sat there like a lot of Hoboes. Stones and dirt then began to fall down the mountain sides, so we could not continue to walk along the bank. We had to climb



on top and found a good trail. When we got ready to eat our beans and hardtack we found we could get no water though it was all about us, but we were too high to get it. We spread our blankets on the ground and went to sleep thirsty.

June 17—Got up early and walked until we struck water, and then made our breakfast—mush, coffee and hardtack. Kept on going and when we got tired went to bed—that is, we spread our blankets on the ground and began fighting mosquitoes. They are so thick here that they would eat a man alive if he had no protection. They bit me so much that I look as though I had the smallpox. It got cold during the night, and as we only had two blankets for five men, we were nearly frozen.

June 18—Concluded to return to camp and so started home. We went on top of the mountains—about 1,000 feet high. Got home all right, but tired out. Mr. Griffin was glad to see us. He is anxious to get up the Copper River.

June 19—Day of rest, but fighting mosquitoes.

June 20—Just three months to-day since we left Seattle, and not yet half way to our destination. We have a hard problem before us now—twenty-five miles of nothing but rapids. We are going to put another bottom and sides on one of our boats and brace it up strong, and as soon as the water goes down put three months' provisions in it, cover it with canvas, and with about 100 feet of rope on each end haul it to Copper Center and then up the Copper river. Put a bark roof on our cache. Four men sold out at auction to-day. They got thirty miles up the Copper river and got swamped. Bought a lot of stuff that we needed badly as this work is hard on clothes, and we were beginning to look like a lot of tramps. It is nine o'clock p. m. while I am writing, and it is as light as day.

June 21—Dozens are selling out at auction, and going home. They are singing a song to the tune of "On the Banks of the Wa-



bash," and some of the words are:

## I.

Around my cold Alaska  
cabin lies the gold fields,  
In the distance looms the  
glacier clear and cold,  
Ofttimes my thoughts re-  
vert to cheerful scenes of  
childhood,

And I wish that I had done  
as I was told, etc., etc.

Chorus:

Oh, the air is clear and cold  
around the Copper,

It's the same in January,  
June and May,

Everything is not just as  
the papers tell you,

On the banks of the Copper  
far away.

## II.

It's just one year ago since  
I came to Alaska;

Since I left my darling  
sweetheart Mary's side,

But to me it seems as  
though it were a million,

And from hunger I have  
ofttimes nearly died, etc.,  
etc.

June 22—Taking one of  
our boats apart and are go-  
ing to use the boards to put  
another bottom on one of  
the other boats. A Fin-

lander came to camp to-  
day. He undertook to  
shoot the rapids and lost  
most of his goods. He is  
going home. The river is  
running about ten miles an  
hour, which he said was too  
fast for him.

June 23—Several boys  
went to the lake (Lake  
Klutena) but the mosqui-  
toes were too thick and  
they had to come back.  
Twelve men are going  
home to-morrow. Selling  
out now.

June 24—Are taking it  
easy — no hurry — waiting  
for water to go down. Had  
a miner's meeting to-day to  
settle up a partnership, as  
one of the men wanted to  
go home and he thought  
the others were getting the  
best of him. He got thirty-  
four cents more than was  
offered him.

June 25—So many people  
are going back now it is a  
fright. Dozens go at a  
time. Goods are selling  
very cheap now. Nobody  
wants them.

June 26 (Sunday)—No  
work—fighting mosquitoes.

June 27—Mail man in  
town to-day. Lots of peo-  
ple going home. Most



everybody seems discouraged.

June 28—Waiting for water to go down, so that we can get our boats through.

June 29—Another mail man in town.

June 30—Auction sale today—several going home. Sick of Copper country.

July 1—Wash day.

July 2—Bought a boat cheap—\$15.00—owner going home.

July 3—Caught a salmon weighing eight pounds.

July 4—Celebrating today—most of the boys went down to Copper Center. I remained home with Mr. Griffin and fished.

July 5—More auction sales—boys all anxious to get home. Lost my cartridge belt to-day.

July 6—People are giving their goods away. Nobody wants to buy.

July 7—Four men arrived here to-day from the head of the Copper River. They said that the indications were very good and that the trail to Tanana was all right. When some of the boys that had been there called them down they ad-

mitted that they wanted to sell their goods and get back home. We can't go on yet.

July 8—The four men who lied to us yesterday went home with a lot of others.

July 9—We're having a regular picnic now—fishing, and three good meals a day.

July 10—Cleaning up.

July 11—Went to the lake this morning and met Mr. Jaenert coming down the river on a raft. He had fourteen salmon, weighing all the way from six to fifteen pounds.

July 12—Fishing with net and spear. Speared seven and caught twenty in the net. Made a raft and went a-kiting down the river. Got home all right.

July 13—One of the other boys brought in twenty-three salmon this morning, and we now have fish to throw away. We are getting ready to smoke them for future use. The worst rain of the season this afternoon, so I went to sleep.

July 14—Five men passed through here to-day going home. Three auction sales,



but no buyers. Had to give their goods away so as to get out of this "glorious" country. Another miners' meeting to settle a dispute between three partners. Meeting lasted until midnight, but it was daylight all the time. Oh, this would be a fine country to kill the gas trust.

July 15—Caught twenty salmon to-day. They were fine fellows and averaged seven pounds easily. Two Indians in camp to-day and we had a great time with them. We got them to sing songs and play on an accordion. You ought to have heard the music. They enjoyed it. A man and his wife were in camp to-day. Expect mail man soon. Hope he is all right.

July 16—Catching more fish than we know what to do with. Smoking all we can. The fellows who call themselves the "Get There Co." of Chicago, are going home. They are going to change their name to "Get Home Co." Some of our boys are weakening, too. Mail man in to-day. We learn that the war with

Spain is in full blast. Hurrah for Dewey!

July 17—Nice day and not so many mosquitoes. Being Sunday all is quiet.

July 18—Caught twenty-five salmon to-day (this is no fish story), and have them all cleaned and salted ready to smoke. A corpse went floating down the river to-day. Could not get it, as it would have been death for anyone to go into the rapids.

July 19—Auction sales to-day. Three parties going home and more will follow. Everybody condemns the country and the Pacific Steam Whaling Co., for bringing them here. Mail man Jackson got in town this evening but would not do any business until morning.

July 20—Got our letters this morning. A boat capsized this morning and most of the goods went over the rapids. No fish in net to-day. Think somebody is robbing us.

July 21—Caught a nineteen pound salmon to-day. It was a dandy. Some men went through camp to-day singing: "We Have Seen



Better Days in St. Louis."

July 22—More people going home. Six men just arrived from the North. They said they had been up to the Tanana range and across to Robertson River. No gold.

July 23—Auction sales and people going home. Flour that cost \$20 a hundred here a short time ago now brings almost nothing. Fishing very poor. Seventeen people left for home to-day.

July 24—Just as I thought, Mr. Peterson and Ed Oliver, of our party, decided to go home, and will leave to-morrow. Mr. Griffin said he expected that he would be compelled to go alone to meet his son, but I told him I would stick. It is Sunday to-day and all is quiet. Nothing to do now but stand around and fish. "Hi you muck muck," as the Indians say.

July 25—Peterson and Oliver and five other men left to-day for Valdes and the States. Sick of Alaska.

July 26—More going home. Only a few miners going ahead, while nearly

all the men here are bound for home.

July 27— I am now chief cook, and we had salmon for dinner. They were all right. Three men on a raft wereswampedand drowned.

July 28—Auction sales and all going home. Fishing is slow now as the river is going down rapidly, and we will soon move.

July 29-30—Auction sales and people going home.

July 31—Services were held to-day. There was a preacher in town and he delivered a sermon. We were all glad to hear him.

August 1—A Mr. Hoffman went out to-day looking for a bear, and found him. But the bear knocked him down and came near killing him. Knocked nearly all his teeth out and broke his jawbone. Doctor put fifty-two stitches in him. It was an awful sight.

August 2—Met a Milwaukee man named Wandt. He thought climbing mountains would be easy for him. He was homeward bound. Weather is getting colder and mosquitoes not so bad. Ten men





APRIL 30, 1898—HAD TO SHOVEL OUR TENT OUT OF THE SNOW, AND IT WAS 12 O'CLOCK BEFORE WE COULD  
GET A FIRE FOR OUR BREAKFAST.—See page 209.







just came in on the trail bound for home. They say there is not a bit of gold in the country. Pretty tough on the 4,000 people who came in here if that is true. Well, I am going to see it out, after I leave Mr. Griffin with his party.

August 3-4-5—D o z e n s

going home every day. Everybody disgusted. Four months since landing in Alaska and only half way to where we intend to go. Mr. Griffin anxious to go, so we are now getting ready to move forward. Guess the worst of it is yet before us.

We shall now leave the diary, but will hear more of Mr. Griffin and Mr. Dietrich later.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A HAPPY MEETING.

As Joe Farrell and Mr. Barry greeted each other warmly, James and his friends looked on with wonder. It was evident that the rescuer of Helen and Edward was an old friend of Joe's.

For a moment Joe was so absorbed in greeting his partner that he forgot about his friends. Then he suddenly thought of their mission and of Edward, and he wondered if the father and son had recognized each other. He looked toward Edward, and observed that young man gazing with eager eyes on his rescuer, but standing behind all the others.

"Say, Barry," remarked Joe, after the first greetings were over, "I met your son Edward when we passed through Seattle several months ago. He's grown to be quite a young man. I don't think you'd know him if you should see him to-day. He's taller than yourself."



Mr. Barry at once became interested.

"How was he, Joe?"

"Quite well, but worrying over not having heard from you for about a year."

"Too bad, Joe, but I couldn't help it. No mail man ever came our way, and I was too far off to make the journey to any settlement to mail a letter. But I wrote him some time ago and gave the letter to my partner, Albert Nugent, to mail."

The mention of the name of the dead man reminded Joe of the sad news he had to tell. He was also in a quandary how to introduce Mr. Barry to his son Edward, so he did just as anyone like himself would do under the circumstances.

As all that Joe had to relate to his friend flashed before his mind, he became fully convinced that this was a providential meeting. Was it not all really wonderful—the chain of events from the time that Edward accosted Captain Hardy in Seattle to the rescue of Helen and Edward?

"Say, Barry," said Joe, feelingly, "I have some sad news to tell you. We were on our way to Forty-mile creek, where I have a claim, when we met your partner, Albert Nugent. He was very



sick, and although we did all we could for him, he soon died, but before he passed away he turned over to us his supplies and the directions to your claim, and implored us to go to your relief, so we changed our plans, and here we are."

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Barry; "he was a true friend, Joe, and I am sorry to learn of his death—"

"But I also have good news for you, Bill—something that will astonish and delight you. When we met your son in Seattle, he did us a great service, and we concluded to take him with us—and—he's—here now. The young man you rescued is your son Edward." And without waiting for an expression of surprise on the part of the father, Joe quickly called out:

"Edward, come out here, and shake hands with your father!"

Edward was flushed and agitated, and so overcome with feeling that for a moment he did not move. Then he quickly sprang forward, while James and the others, who had begun to converse together, opened wide their eyes with astonishment.

Mr. Barry gave the young man a scrutinizing glance, and reached out his arms to embrace his



son, whom he now recognized. There were many fond embraces between the two, and the eyes of all were dimmed with tears. James and the others then came forward to grasp the hands of the man they had endured so much to find.

"Mr. Barry," said James, "this is one of the happiest moments of my life. We were all very much concerned about finding you alive, especially as a couple of scoundrels stole the map and directions to reach you, and, we felt convinced, were making all possible haste to get here before us. We would have reached your claim before this, only for the work of these Indians in kidnapping your son and my sister, and stealing our supplies."

"As it all turned out, that was a fortunate affair," remarked Mr. Barry. "Had I not learned of the capture of Miss Griffin and Edward, I might have been dead ere this, for I believe those very rascals you spoke of are now occupying my cabin, and I intended asking you people to help me to again secure possession of my home and goods." Then Mr. Barry related his experience upon returning to his cabin for the gold to ransom the captives.

"It is Captain Hardy and his partner, without



doubt," said James. "We shall be pleased to offer our services to you, and no further mercy should be shown those men. They have no respect for the lives and property of others, and they should suffer for their crimes. But first let us regain possession of the goods that these thieving Indians stole from us." And James went to Chief Stickman and ordered him to proceed to the village and return every pound of corn meal and bacon that had been taken from them. The old fellow seemed pleased to escape so easily, and he and the other Indians made all possible haste to their huts, and in an hour returned, not only with the goods, but also with a hundred pounds of frozen and smoked salmon besides, which was doubtless given to pacify the gold-seekers.

Then the party, now strengthened by Mr. Barry, returned to their cache, and there a council of war was held to decide on their future movements.

When Mr. Barry learned that Captain Hardy had thrown his son from the steamer, his anger was great. He declared that he would shoot the captain on sight. And it was the general opinion that the



captain had acted in such a manner as to entitle him to no sympathy whatever.

It was decided to convey their goods within a short distance of Mr. Barry's cabin and then reconnoitre. If resistance was shown by the inmates, they would make an attack, or pick off the robbers when they appeared outside.

It required several days to pack their goods to within a few miles of the cabin, and when this work was finished, James, Mr. Barry and Joe started out to do a little scouting.

As they neared the location of the log hut, Mr. Barry went to a hill nearby to take an observation of the premises.

He gave a scrutinizing look in the direction of his old home, but could see nothing of it. The cabin had disappeared!



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## CAPTAIN HARDY AND THE CIPHER.

Let us now follow Captain Hardy and his partner as they were pushing rapidly forward on the Dalton trail. They made their dogs go at the greatest speed in order to reach their destination as soon as possible. They didn't know but James and his friends would start in pursuit, and their purpose was to reach the Barry claim, secure what they could and then get out of the country without delay.

They were not overburdened with provisions, as they had no intention of remaining in Alaska any longer than there was a prospect of securing a fortune, and so they were able to proceed much faster than James and his friends.

They soon came to the White river, crossed over, and then began to climb the mountains that rose higher and higher as they proceeded. They crossed the boundary line between Alaska and British



Columbia, and finally struck the Chusana river, down which they proceeded for a distance, and then struck across to the south branch of that stream. Their maps showed just where the cabin of Mr. Barry was located, and they arrived there one evening, and immediately went to seek admission. They were surprised to find it unoccupied. They entered and made themselves at home. A fire was started and supper prepared, and then an investigation made of the contents of the cabin. Several thousand dollars' worth of gold was found in a box, and in looking over a lot of papers a cipher was also discovered. That immediately caught the eye of the captain, who was formerly an expert in reading such writings, having been for several years employed by the government in the secret service.

"Here is something, Jack, that may be valuable," said the captain, with great satisfaction.

Jack gave it a glance, and with a puzzled expression on his face, remarked:

"A lot of good that mixture of letters will do us. There's not a respectable-looking word in it."

"Never mind, Jack; I'll soon make sense out of it," said the captain. And he sat down with a sheet



of paper and began to dissect the strange reading. The letters that looked so puzzling were:

WC VYSV VWU WTCG VD DSW LICTW-  
WG UUY ERFIX TX WWU SFTMB ID F  
TMV IGKW, WWUC YOH BIO LWHH AQXL  
WC Q AFIKT GDHB, DBT QNWQ HMUSLB  
UUY KRIIX, ZEGTG Q TSUVW HYFQT.

MYQCMPB RFIUN,  
HUFLWZU, MFKO.

It truly was a queer-looking mess, and Jack shook his head doubtfully when Captain Hardy began studying it. Captain Hardy told Jack to keep a sharp lookout for the return of the miner.

While the captain was busy at the strange writings, Jack looked over the other papers.

"Say, Captain," he soon said, "the owner of this place is William Barry of Seattle, and I'll wager that he is the father of the kid we tossed overboard on our way to Dyea. That accounts for the Griffin party coming this way."

"I guess you are right, Jack, and there is no telling when those fellows will be here, although I thought that in losing the map and directions they



were thrown off the track. We'd better get a move on ourselves and secure what we can and leave this country. I think this cipher means several thousand dollars to us, for old Barry would not leave all his gold here for anyone to pick up. I think I'm getting it, Jack, so just leave me alone for an hour, and I'll surprise you." The captain went to work, and soon had several sheets of paper full of figures in an endeavor to solve the problem. Finally he said:

"I'm getting there, Jack. This is a key-word cipher that has been used. I have worked out many of them when I was an employe of the government. It is supposed to be absolutely secure, but they seldom baffled me. All I need is to find the key-word, and I'll have it in half an hour. Here's a curious thing. Here are four letters," said the captain, pointing to the eighth word, "UUUY," "and down here at the end are the same letters. That almost convinces me that the key-word has at least four letters, and that they come under the two words of the message in the same order. Now, what word of four letters would be used in a cipher of instruction twice except to tell the distance? It must be 'feet,' 'yard,' 'rods,' or 'mile,' as no other words



used in measuring distance have only four letters. Let's try the word 'feet.' "

And then Captain Hardy placed down all the letters (except J) with their numerical value, as follows:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z			
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25			

"Now," said the captain, interestedly, "F is the 6th letter, and, as J is usually omitted, only 25 letters are used; so U is the 20th letter, and 6 and 14 are twenty, and the 14th letter is O, which should be one of the letters of the key-word. The next letter is E, which is the 5th letter, and 15 more added is U again, and the 15th letter is P, the second letter in the key-word. The second E in 'feet' is the same, so the third letter in the key-word is again P. Now T, the last letter in 'feet,' is the 19th letter, so it takes 5 to make the 24th letter (Y), and 5 is E, so we probably have 'OPPE' of the key-word. That doesn't mean anything, so there must be a letter or two before or after those letters. Can't you think of any word of which that is a part?



All that explanation was pretty hard for Jack to understand, but the last question was more simple. He was thinking of many words, and kept repeating "OPPE," and while doing so he looked at a map of Alaska that hung on the wall. His eyes naturally sought the particular part of the country where they were located, and he saw in large letters the name of Copper river. He was still repeating the letters in his mind, and suddenly saw them right before his eyes—C-OPPE-R.

"I think I have it, Captain. Try Copper."

"Sure enough," said the captain, elated. "Let us try from the beginning, and in a minute I shall know if we are right." And he placed the first two words down and wrote the key-word under them, and began:

22	3	21	24	18	2
W	C	V	Y	S	V
3	14	15	15	5	17
C	O	P	P	E	R
T	o	f	i	n	d

"C (3) from W (22) leaves T(19); O (14) you cannot subtract from C (3), so we must add 25 to



C (3), making 28, and O (14) from 28 leaves 14 (O), so the first word is 'To.' Now let's try the second word. P (15) from V (21) leaves 6, or F; P (15) again from Y (24) leaves 9 or I; E (5) from S (18) leaves 13 or N; and R (17) from V (21) leaves 4 or D, all of which spells 'To find'—hooray! Jack, we've got it! Now, I'll just copy this whole cipher and keep repeating the key-word 'copper' under it, and in a few minutes we'll find all there is to be found." And the captain went to work with the greatest delight. Jack stood at his shoulder, and marveled at the captain's ability to juggle with figures. It was not long before the words began to appear, and, with eager eyes and bated breath, Captain Hardy successively put down the following words:

"TO FIND THE GOLD GO ONE HUNDRED FEET NORTH OF THE CABIN TO A BIG TREE, THEN TWENTY FEET EAST TO A LARGE ROCK, AND THEN TWENTY FEET SOUTH, UNDER A LARGE STONE.

"WILLIAM BARRY,

"SEATTLE, WASH."

The two men no sooner saw the directions than



they took a shovel, a pick and a crowbar and started out to find the treasure. They were soon on the spot, and in a few minutes were lifting the stone that concealed the gold. Upon removing it there was exposed to view two canvas bags full of gold—in all some \$20,000 worth. This they removed to the cabin, and then Captain Hardy went to bed, while Jack was to watch for the return of William Barry.

As Captain Hardy saw the bags of gold in the room he immediately conceived the idea of possessing it all alone. He felt that it was his by right of discovery, for he had deciphered the strange mixture of letters. At the same time Jack Williams had similar thoughts in his mind. Had he not given the hint to the key-word, without which the cipher could not have been read? But both thought that there was plenty of time yet to dispose of the other. Theirs was a friendship which was but a temporary attachment, coming from mutual interests, and liable at any moment to be turned by cupidity.

The next morning at about ten o'clock, the captain stepped outdoors and saw William Barry, and the conversation previously recorded took place.

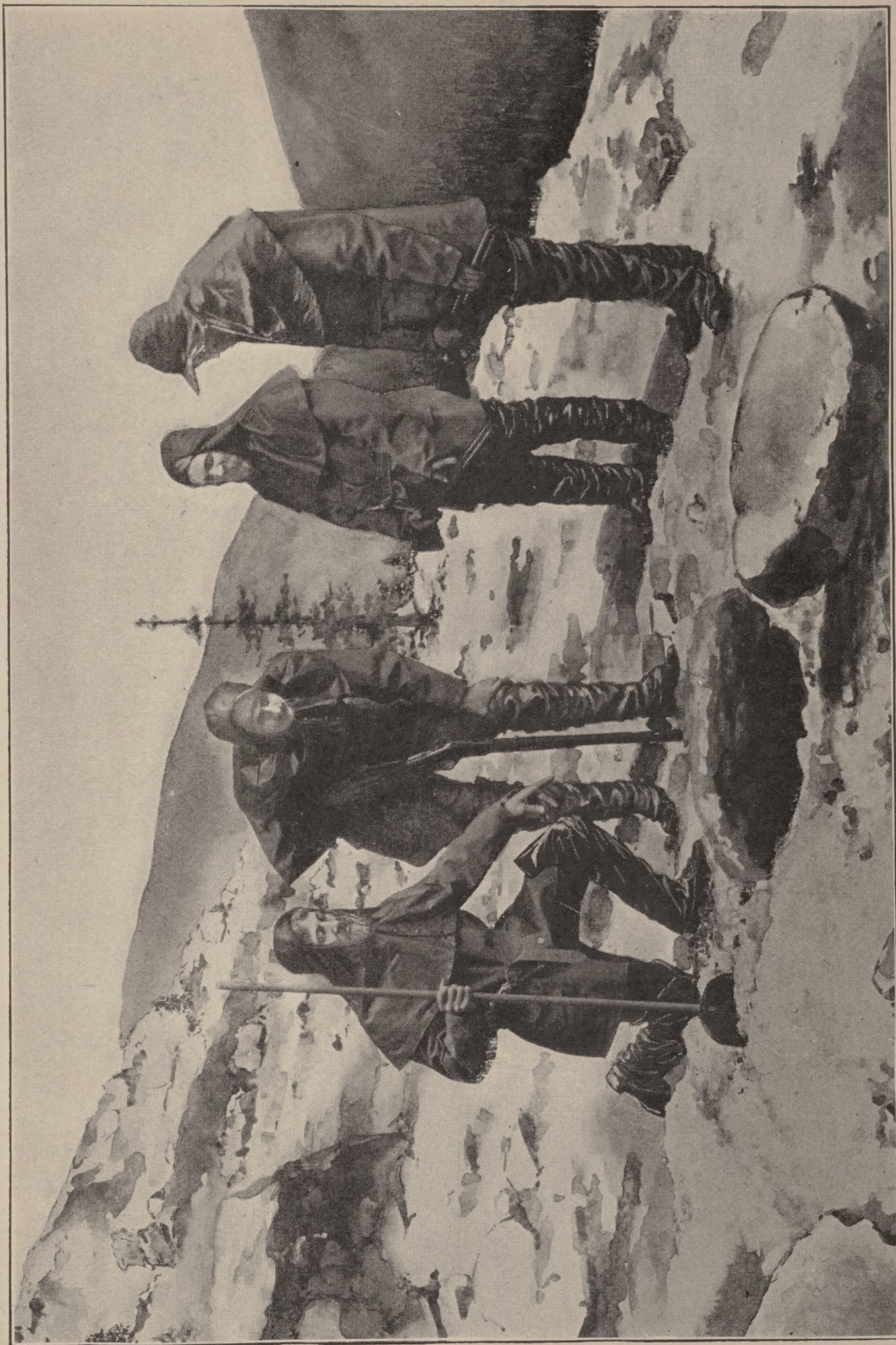
As soon as Mr. Barry left, which they felt sure he



had done, because their dogs barked no more, the captain and his companion took what they thought would be useful and then set fire to the house. The cabin was soon a mass of flames, and, with their dog team, they started for the Copper river, intending to return to the States by way of Valdes.

They made all possible haste, and, as a great deal of snow was falling, the trail they made was entirely obliterated, and they soon felt safe from pursuit.





BUT INSTEAD OF FINDING THE GOLD HE HAD PLACED THERE, HE SAW THAT IT WAS EMPTY.—See page 243.







## CHAPTER XXV.

## MR. BARRY SUFFERS A GREAT LOSS.

Mr. Barry could hardly believe his eyes, but as he gazed about he recognized the different trees and the pile of rocks at one side, but not a trace of his log cabin remained. He immediately rejoined his companions and informed them of the discovery he had made. It was evident that the cabin had been completely burned, and the late inmates, securing all that they desired, had gone.

They approached carefully, with their guns ready in case of an unexpected attack or ambush, but all was still. There was nothing to even mark where the house had stood. The day previous there had been a snowstorm, and all was covered with a mantle of white.

Captain Hardy and his partner had evidently taken everything of value, and then heartlessly fired the building. That the former owner might return



and find himself without shelter or food in the dead of winter, made no difference to them.

"Lucky for me, Mr. Griffin, that I am not here alone. These scoundrels have stolen all my gold, provisions, and everything of value, and destroyed all that they could not carry with them. For downright meanness that beats everything I ever heard of."

"It's what might be expected of them," said James. "No action of Captain Hardy surprises me now. He appears to have a grudge against mankind in general, and he loses no opportunity to commit any crime, from arson to murder, to further his ends. A human life to Captain Hardy appears to be of no consequence. How long, I wonder, is he to be allowed to continue in his base work?"

"Never mind, Mr. Griffin, we'll get to work, and in a couple of days can build a new cabin, larger and better than the old. I am sure they have not secured the gold I have hidden away," answered Mr. Barry, hopefully.

"I wouldn't be surprised," remarked Joe, "if they got that too. If there is anything lying around,



Captain Hardy would not pass it by. Better investigate the matter at once."

They returned to camp for a shovel, and Mr. Barry invited James and Joe and the professor to accompany him, and he led the way to the side of a high hill to the north of the cabin, and, reaching a big tree, he paced off twenty feet due east to a large rock, and then twenty feet south. They cleared away the snow, and in a short time found a large flat stone. This was removed, and disclosed a cavity, but instead of finding the gold he had placed there, he saw that it was empty! His thousands of dollars' worth of gold was gone!

It was a terrible blow to Mr. Barry to suddenly find that all his wealth was gone. He had worked hard for years, prospecting, and when he did finally strike it rich and had secured what he considered a fortune, it almost broke him down to realize that in a moment it was swept away. At that particular time the life of Captain Hardy would not have been of much value if he had been present.

James and Joe sympathized with Mr. Barry in his misfortune, and endeavored to console him by say-



ing that they would all go to work and dig out more gold.

"I wouldn't mind it so much, but I'm afraid the dirt won't pan out very well any more. The bulk of all the gold that I secured was taken from one hole, and since then I have sunk several more and secured very little. I had intended to remain here until spring, and then return to the States with over \$20,000. Now it is doubtful if I shall ever have enough to get back with. I had hoped to do so much for Edward, but now all my plans must be abandoned."

"Don't be discouraged, Mr. Barry," said James, reassuringly. "If we don't strike something soon, we'll all go to Joe's claim on Forty-mile creek, which we feel sure is a rich one. It would be useless to think of attempting to follow Captain Hardy, for we haven't the remotest idea which way he has gone. Let's get to work to make ourselves a comfortable shelter for the winter, and then we can do some prospecting."

When the others learned of the new misfortune, they all expressed their regrets. Edward, however,



did not lose his cheerfulness. Had he not found his father? So what did he care for the gold?

“‘Poca roba, poco pensiero,’ as the Italians say,” remarked the professor, “which is a motto I always take great comfort in, for it fits me admirably. It means, ‘Little wealth, little care.’”

They all went to work felling trees, and while some were cutting off the branches, others were preparing the timber for a log house. By evening of the next day the four sides were up, and a couple of days later, enough boards had been whipsawed to make a floor.

All their goods were soon under cover and the party well protected from the intense cold that was occasionally experienced.

Then they began active operations in search of gold. Mr. Barry selected several places that he thought might give promise of yielding pay dirt, and fires were built, and the slow process of reaching bedrock begun. An examination of the dirt from one of the holes gave such good indications of gold, that work there was industriously prosecuted, and in a few weeks they had a huge pile of dirt and ground which was to be worked over in the spring.



One morning Joe was out early and saw tracks of some kind of an animal in the snow, and awoke the professor and Francis, telling them that if they wanted to go hunting, now was a chance.

"Joe believes in the German saying," remarked the professor, sleepily, "'Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde,' (the morning hour has gold in its mouth), or, as we would say it in English, 'The early bird catches the worm.' Joe is certainly an early bird. I never see him sleeping, for he's the last to retire, and the first to be up. Come, Francis, let us try our luck for an hour." And they hurriedly dressed, and, with guns, started out with Joe to hunt for one of those elusive fur animals of Alaska. They followed the tracks for some time, and suddenly saw the object ahead of them. In a moment, however, it was gone, and the professor thought it was like following the Will-o'-the-wisp. They kept on, determined not to go back empty-handed. Finally it began to snow—a soft, clinging snow that went right into the clothes. The tracks became obliterated, and to add to their discomfort they got wet in crossing a stream where water was running over the ice and they were too far from home to think of returning



without drying their clothes. They determined to make a fire, but unfortunately, in their hurry, they had forgotten to bring matches. They sat down in wet garments on the side of a hill for protection, and ate their little lunch in no cheerful mood. It would be difficult to find their way back, and it would consume a great deal of time also, as they were now cold and stiff. They were in a great predicament, wet and cold, far from home, nothing more to eat, and storming so hard that they could not travel.

While sitting there a rabbit started to run by, and Joe gave a cry in exact imitation of the little animal. The rabbit stopped at once, and stood on its hind legs to look and listen, and Joe quickly shot it. The animal, though, was so small and so lean that it would not provide half a meal for one man; but it was something, and others might also be secured.

Joe had learned the cry years before, and it had been the means of his securing a great deal of fresh meat that would otherwise have been impossible to obtain.

They were compelled to move about continually to keep from freezing, and they began to grow very hungry.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

## OUR FRIENDS IN CAMP.

"If the sun would only shine," remarked the professor, "I'd have a fire here in half an hour," and almost in answer to his remark, the clouds opened, and the sun was unobscured. It was not very high, but the professor hoped that it would be strong enough for his purpose.

With the hatchet, which Joe carried at his belt, a piece of ice was secured, and this the professor cut down into the shape of a double convex lens; that is, one which bulges on both sides. This gathers up the rays of the sunlight and concentrates them against one spot, which is called the focus point. After it was properly scraped down, the professor put it into his mouth to polish it and take out all the knife marks. Then, holding it about an inch from a piece of paper, a blaze was soon started. This was nursed along with inflammable material until a good



fire was burning, and all were soon seated about its genial warmth.

Building a fire with a piece of ice was something that puzzled Joe, and gave him a great deal more respect for the professor than he had ever before entertained.

After their clothes were dried and they were thoroughly warmed, they started for camp again, arriving there toward evening.

The other members of the party were beginning to get greatly worried over the absence of our three friends, and they were all glad to see them again, alive and well. The professor was complimented upon his knowledge, which had enabled him to make a fire and thereby doubtless save the lives of his two friends and himself.

All hands now kept hard at work, except when the weather was too cold. They had no thermometer but they could always tell when it was about 40 degrees below zero by leaving their mercury outside. When it was frozen they kept within doors, and when it thawed out they felt safe in going to work again. As there was but little humidity in the



atmosphere, the cold was more easily endured than in the States, or on the coast.

One would suppose that there was no enjoyments during the winter, but it is safe to say that no more pleasant evenings were spent in the splendid palaces in cities than in the humble log house of our friends.

Christmas day found them alive to the importance of the great anniversary. Helen prepared a small tree, and brightened it with bits of lights made of strings soaked in oil, and the professor delivered a sermon that he had prepared for the occasion. James recited a poem with much feeling, and Francis did his share in entertaining.

The New Year was also ushered in in an appropriate manner, and thus they passed the winter pleasantly enough, although in Alaska, and by spring they had an immense pile of dirt, but it was becoming of a poorer quality right along, and so they finally concluded to stop and rest up until they could begin sluicing.

To prepare for this work, planks were sawed out of trees and made into boxes, and these were fastened together like a stovepipe and placed on a slant. Slats were fixed across the bottom at suitable dis-



tances, and then the gravel and dirt shoveled in at the higher end, and a swift current of water let in to wash down the material. The gold, on account of its greater specific gravity, falls to the bottom, and is held by the slats. Mercury is also placed along the slats to catch the finer particles of gold.

This work was watched with great interest by all, for upon the amount of gold secured depended the success or failure of their winter's work.

They were all soon pleased to see that considerable gold was being taken out, and the farther they went into the gravel, the richer it became.

As the seals of winter were broken, they beheld a beauty around them that they could hardly believe possible in that land of snow and ice. The long hours of darkness now gave way to as much light. From their high position they could look down the valleys all about them. White and yellow buttercups were in full bloom, and the sun shone about eighteen hours a day. Later in the summer it would sink but an hour or two and be light all the other hours of the twenty-four.

It was almost midsummer when they were through with their washings, and they estimated the



gold they had secured at about \$40,000. They held a meeting to consider whether they should return home or prospect farther. They thought that in view of the poor show of securing more gold, and the lack of supplies, that it would be wise to leave that particular part of the country at least, and all finally concluded to start for Port Valdes and return to San Francisco by the water route.

On June 6 they broke camp, and started west across the mountains to strike the trail leading from Port Cudahy to Valdes, at the mouth of the Copper river. Once on that trail they could go through Mantasta Pass, which was nearly 5,000 feet high. From those heights a most beautiful sight was witnessed. On one side was the Copper river valley and on the other the valley and twenty beautiful lakes and branches of the Tanana river, and thirty miles beyond a range of mountains. The sun rose at half-past one o'clock, almost in the north. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and probably nothing as grand can be seen anywhere else in the world. That was the verdict of the professor, who had traveled a great deal.

"When I look at this grand sight," said the profes-



sor, "I must exclaim as did Columbus when he first looked upon the palm-covered hills of Cuba: 'La más hermosa tierra que jamás ojos vieron'—the most beautiful land eyes ever looked upon."

The party was now going "light;" that is, they had nothing to carry but the gold they had secured, and this was placed on a unicycle, and enough provisions to last them until they could reach Valdes. Besides, salmon were now running up the rivers, and they had all the fish they wanted to eat. Helen served them in many ways, so that it appeared as though they were eating different kinds of food every day. Had they desired, they could have laid in enough to last a year, but they did not care to do so.

The salmon were so thick in the headwaters of the streams as almost to justify the statement that one could cross over the water on their backs. So great was their rush to get up-stream that in shallow places many fish were forced out of the water by their stronger companions, and these died along the banks.

"Say, Professor, what becomes of the salmon after they get to the headwaters of the stream?" asked Francis.



"That seems to be the end of them," answered the professor, "for after they have swam hundreds, and perhaps thousands of miles up these rivers, and battled with rapids, leaped the falls, and deposited their eggs, they pass into a swift decline. Their snouts change into long, hooked beaks, and their bodies shrink, and their once strong fins become feeble. They have fulfilled their mission in life, and all that is left for them to do is to die."

Game was also becoming plentiful, and one day James, Joe, the professor and Francis went out and ran across a bear. All let go at him with their guns, but he was only wounded, and made a dash at them. In his fury he rushed at Francis, who quickly got out of the bear's reach. Then Bruin made for James, who met the big brute with drawn knife, but by that time Joe was ready to shoot again. As the bullet struck the animal he fell over, but, again getting on his feet, dashed blindly in the direction of the professor. Before the latter could get out of the way, he was knocked down, but caught hold of the bear's leg and held on. Fortunately the animal was fatally injured and weak from loss of blood, and he fell over and expired in the professor's hands.



“ ‘Fortune aids the brave,’ Professor,” remarked Francis. “It was pretty dangerous to hold on to a bear’s leg, even though he was dying.”

“ ‘Fortes fortuna juvat,’ as we say it in Latin,” remarked the professor, getting onto his feet; “but as I now think about it, I should say, ‘Fortuna favet fatuis’ (fortune favors fools).”

The animal was skinned, and as much meat taken as could be used, and the party returned to camp.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

## GOING DOWN THE COPPER RIVER.

James and his friends continued on leisurely, for they had plenty of time to reach their destination before winter set in. Aside from the mosquito nuisance, they enjoyed the trip immensely. They had secured quite a store of gold, and felt as though they could make an outing of their return trip. All were in the best of spirits, even Mr. Barry, who had sustained such a severe loss through Captain Hardy and his partner.

Occasionally, when an unusually pleasant spot was reached, they pitched their tents and spent several days at a time, fishing and hunting.

After going along the banks of the Copper river some distance, they concluded to build a boat, and float down the stream, but they soon encountered a gold-seeker who wished to dispose of his craft, which he had "roped" many miles up to where they









OUR FRIENDS' ALASKA CABIN.—*See page 245.*



HELEN SEWING IN THE ALASKA CABIN.—*See page 245.*



were. They bought his boat, and started down the river at a swift rate. But they soon came to a dangerous part of the journey, for the Copper river was full of jagged rocks, and if the boat struck one of them with any degree of violence, there would be trouble. One advantage was that they were not loaded down, so they could handle it more readily than when they carried several tons of provisions.

Joe and Francis were in the bow, with long poles, feeling for rocks that were near the surface, but could not be seen, and as these were encountered, the boat's course was turned to avoid a collision.

They had gone many miles without accident, when they finally came to a small rapids, easy enough to shoot ordinarily, but very dangerous if rocks and shallow water were below. The river was quite wide here, and the best point was selected for the dive. It was made without trouble, but before Joe and Francis were in position to test the course, they ran swiftly into a rock, which started a bad leak, in which the water poured rapidly.

The members of the party had been instructed beforehand by James just what each should do, in case of any such accident, so it was only necessary



to give orders to have them promptly obeyed, and without panic.

As the water poured in rapidly, James told them all to get into the water and simply hold on to the rail of the boat, which, relieved of its weight, they thought would readily float. James went over first, and Helen followed, James grasping her arm tightly. The others swung themselves over quickly, and soon all were paddling with their arms to reach shore with the boat. The current was quite swift, and it required some hard work to turn the boat's head toward the shore.

As the boat had but recently been constructed out of whipsawed green timber, it was not as buoyant as was expected, and the weight of their provisions, tools, gold, etc., was really more than it could hold above water.

All hands were working energetically to tow the boat ashore, when it suddenly and without warning sank under their hands, near a projecting rock, and our friends were left struggling in the water. The sinking was so unexpected that it pulled all of them under. James went down with the others, but was up in a second, with Helen holding to his arm.



Helen could swim, but her clothes impeded progress, so James turned on his back, and, taking hold of his sister's arm, made a desperate struggle for shore. Fortunately, all could swim, and were working for the land. Joe swam near James and Helen, to render assistance if necessary, though he, as well as the others, encumbered as they were, found it about all that they could do to take care of themselves.

Joe reached for bottom occasionally with his feet, and as soon as he came to shallow water, he told James, who ceased his struggles and waded ashore. It was none too soon, for he was completely exhausted. All were soon on land, very tired, and the professor sat down and remarked:

"What's to be done now? Here we are without a thing to eat, without a gun to secure anything, our gold at the bottom of the river, and not a blanket to sleep in. 'Tis said that 'misfortunes never come singly,' and I guess it is true, for we are left in a serious condition indeed."

"We must recover our goods," returned James, "and we must set about it at once. See, there is where the boat lies," and James pointed to a board



floating on the water. "That piece of board was fastened to a rope on the boat, and it now fortunately answers as a buoy. I shall take off my shoes and coat and swim back and dive down and bring up some articles we must have. We must get a coil of rope and an axe first of all. Then we must make a raft and raise the boat, and get out our goods."

As soon as James was sufficiently rested, he and Francis re-entered the water and swam to where the boat was supposed to be. James estimated the length of the rope and dove down about ten feet above stream. This brought him right over the sunken craft. Down he went, and after what seemed a long time to the lookers-on, James came up with the rope. Francis followed, and brought up an axe, which had been fastened under the starboard rail, to be ready in case of need.

These articles were brought ashore, and Joe immediately began felling a lot of small trees that were as dry as punk, a fire having, some time previous, swept through that part of the country.

A raft was soon made and securely fastened with the rope, and then James, Joe, Francis and Mr. Barry poled out to the wreck. The professor, Helen



and Edward remained on shore, and started a fire to dry their clothes. Edward had a small sealed match-box, so the matches were not ruined. The remainder of the matches were also in sealed tins.

The raft was soon fastened to a rock, and then James again dove and brought up the bow rope, while Francis secured the one at the stern. With these, the sunken craft was pulled up until it was raised to within a few feet of the raft, and then they began poling ashore. They landed about a hundred yards below where the other members of the party were camped, and within an hour or two of the time the boat sunk, they had it on shore, free of water. Some of their provisions were ruined by exposure to water, but the loss was trifling. The boat was soon patched up, and the next day saw them continuing on their journey, none the worse for their experience—an experience that might have proven serious indeed, had not the party been composed of men equal to almost any occasion.

They continued on without further accident, and on Aug. 7 they reached Copper Center.

Everybody here seemed to be anxious to go



home, and they learned that hundreds of disgusted gold-seekers had already departed.

While James and Joe were walking together on the day of their arrival, James suddenly grasped Joe by the arm so tightly as to cause him to give a cry of pain.

"Joe, look there! Who is that man walking along the trail?" asked James, greatly agitated.

Joe looked in the direction indicated.

"Good heavens, James, that is your father or his ghost! Call him, James, quick!"

James attempted to cry out, but for once he was too much affected to utter a sound. He could only stand and watch the man walk on until he was lost to view behind a rise of the ground. Then James recovered himself and started at a rapid pace to follow the man that looked so much like his father. Joe kept at James' heels, and his wonder was very great.

If that was Mr. Griffin, how came he here? They supposed that he was in Europe or at least in San Francisco. That he would go to Alaska and endeavor to meet his son there, was almost beyond belief.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

But James and Joe were determined to find out who the man could be. When James again came within sight of the familiar figure, he hallooed to attract his attention. Mr. Griffin, for it really was James' father, stopped and looked about. He soon recognized James and Joe, and rushed forward to meet them!

James also was eager to embrace his father, and the meeting was as much a surprise to James as when he met his dear parent on a South Sea Island six years before, after ten years' separation.

Mr. Griffin also shook hands cordially with Joe, whom he had not seen for several years.

"How came you here, father?" asked James, after the first greetings were over, and after Mr. Griffin had been informed of Helen's good health, and had told James about his mother. "And how in the



world did you happen to meet us here? I supposed you were yet in Europe."

"As soon as I had received your letter, James, telling of your intention to go to the Copper river country, I was seized with a desire to meet you here, but we were delayed so long that I almost feared you would be gone by the time I arrived at the place you indicated on the map you sent to me. Luckily we met here, for I was getting ready to push forward."

Just then Mr. Dietrich came along, and Mr. Griffin introduced him to James and Joe.

Mr. Dietrich now realized that he was to lose his traveling companion, and he expressed regret at the thought of parting.

All four repaired to camp, and Mr. Griffin was eager to meet his daughter Helen, after over a year's separation.

Mr. Griffin remained back some distance, so that James could first inform Helen of the good news.

"What do you think, Helen, I just learned that father left San Francisco last March to come to meet us. He will soon be here, sound and well."



"Oh, James, where is he?" asked Helen, anxiously. "From whom did you hear of father?"

"That gentleman over there, talking with Joe, says father is with him, and is only a short distance from here."

"Oh, let us go to him at once," cried Helen, joyously, and, taking James' arm, they went to where Mr. Griffin was waiting. Tears were in the eyes of all, as Helen and her father fondly clasped each other in their arms, and exchanged loving kisses.

Then Mr. Griffin, with James and Helen on each side of him, came into camp, and was cordially greeted by the professor and Francis, and he was then introduced to Mr. Barry and Edward.

There was nothing now lacking to make their happiness complete. A mail man was getting ready to go to Valdes, and Mr. Griffin, James and Helen hurriedly wrote letters to Mrs. Griffin in San Francisco.

The remainder of the day was spent in relating incidents of their Alaskan experiences, and for supper Helen prepared one of the finest meals ever eaten in the Copper river country. Never did people sit around a more cheerful board than on that August evening in Alaska.



"There's an old German saying," remarked the professor, "that tells us: 'Reichthum gleicht dem Seewasser, je mehr man davon trinkt, desto durstiger wird man,' (Wealth is like sea water, the more you drink of it, the thirstier you become), which is a mistake, for I do not think you will find a more contented lot of people on earth than ourselves at this time. We have endured a great deal to get those few bags of gold, but the Italians say: 'Chi non s' arrischia, non guadagna,' or, as we say it in English, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' However, if Captain Hardy had been more fortunate, or we less so, we might now be all dead or worse off financially than when we started on our trip."

"I wonder what has become of Captain Hardy?" remarked James, as he thought of his evil work during the past year.

"Back to the States, no doubt, having a good time with Mr. Barry's gold," remarked Joe.

"Never mind," returned the professor, "I cannot but think that Captain Hardy has come to an untimely end. He started out on a long and dangerous journey in the dead of winter, and I wouldn't be



surprised if he was overtaken in some storm and succumbed to the cold."

"If he attempted to cross the glaciers last winter," said Mr. Dietrich, "he must have had a hard time of it, for it was bad enough in spring when we came over."

"Never mind Captain Hardy," remarked Mr. Barry. "I always believe God arranges all things wisely, and if I am never again to see the gold that was stolen, I shall consider that I am better off without it."

Here the subject was changed by Mr. Griffin asking Mr. Dietrich about his future intentions.

"Oh, I shall see this venture through to the end. Even though I must go alone, I shall continue on and try my luck in the places where gold is supposed to exist. I am sorry to lose your company, Mr. Griffin, but I think three of us will push on to-morrow."

As they broke up for the evening, several of our friends accompanied Mr. Dietrich to his camp to get Mr. Griffin's goods, and then good-byes were said, and they parted. Mr. Griffin was greatly pleased at the idea of returning, as he had had nearly half a



year of as hard experiences as any man would care to endure. He could now act as guide to the party in returning over the trail to Valdes.

Our friends soon returned up the Klutena river to Klutena lake, and continued on down the trail.

Mr. Griffin pointed out to James many points of interest, and told of his experiences. One day they came to a lot of spruce trees that were cut off about twenty-five feet from the ground. All the members of the party were puzzled as to how and why it had been done. Mr. Griffin also looked with wonder for a moment, then he said:

"Those are the very trees we felled several months ago. At that time we cut them off right at our feet. Can any of you guess why they are now so high from the ground?"

"They could not have grown that high, at any rate," said the professor, with confidence.

The others were completely nonplussed, and waited for the explanation.

"When we cut those trees," said Mr. Griffin, in answer to the inquiring looks, "there was a great deal of snow on the ground, and those 'stumps' show just how high the snow really was. There can be no



exaggeration about it, for the trees themselves tell the whole story."

Finally they came to the glaciers, over which they must again pass. It was already becoming cold, but the trail was yet soft during the daytime.

Two sleds were soon built and their goods placed thereon, and the weary journey over the snow and ice was begun.

They had struggled up several thousand feet when they were overtaken by a snowstorm. The trail here made a turn, and our party got lost on the track in the blinding snow, so they decided to set up their tents and go into camp until clear weather came again.

While clearing a place of snow to set up their tents, their shovels struck against a sled, and they concluded that it was part of the outfit of some gold-seeker, and that he had either died or his tent and goods had been caught in a snow-slide some time previous. They hurriedly set up their tents and started a fire with the wood they had taken with them, and soon all were warmed up.

James then went out to further investigate, and soon struck the remains of a tent that was lying on



the ground. He cleared away more snow with his shovel, and saw that the tent had at some time fallen over, covering a lot of provisions and camp articles that were lying on the perpetual snow. Pulling the canvas back, he was horrified to see the bodies of two men lying at full length on some furs.

Without giving the men a second look, he called out: "Joe! Professor! Come here!"

All hands heard the shout, and, grasping their guns, they rushed out of the tent, for they knew that when James called, something unusual must have happened.

Mr. Barry was by James' side in a moment, and the first thing he saw was a couple of canvas bags lying near the two bodies. He concluded that some gold-seekers had been overtaken and frozen on the glacier, and a glance at the faces showed that they were in a remarkably good state of preservation. The canvas falling and covering everything had prevented anyone from previously making the discovery.

Soon all were present, and Mr. Barry picked up one of the canvas bags of gold and uttered a cry of surprise.



"My gold, Joe, as sure as I live! I can tell these bags, for I made them myself! See! here are my initials, 'W. B.' "

"Then these men must be Captain Hardy and his partner!" exclaimed James. "Yes, it is Hardy, sure enough," he added, as he again raised the canvas and made a closer examination.

" 'Niemand kann seinen Richter entgehen' " (no one can escape his Judge), remarked the professor. "What a terrible end after such a criminal life."

For some moments all looked on in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts.

The greed for gold had proven Captain Hardy's ruin. He had disregarded the laws and the rights and property of others, and now as a result he lay there frozen on a glacier.

"How different his life might have been," again remarked the professor. "Had he gone with us, and been one of us, he might have been alive, reasonably rich, and happy. Of course, the road of virtue seems at first steep, rugged and covered with jagged rocks, and full of thorns and thickets, and the greatest care and circumspection must be exercised in order to advance. But if one has the courage and



stamina to overcome the first difficulties, the farther one advances the smoother the way becomes, until a delightful avenue is reached, when there are no more trials and dangers. But woe to those who allow themselves to be frightened by the difficulties at the outset, and fall by the wayside or go off into the other road that looks pleasant and easy at first, but finally leads to mountains, and glaciers, and death!"

While all expressed sorrow at the untimely end of the two men, none could but realize that they fully merited the fate that had overtaken them.

Mr. Barry regained possession of his gold, and released all claim on his own and on Edward's share of the nuggets and dust that had been secured after James and his friends arrived at his claim. So all were well satisfied with the outcome of their trip to Alaska. True, they had not secured great wealth, but had at least several thousand dollars each for their labor.





FOR SOME MOMENTS ALL LOOKED ON IN SILENCE, EACH OCCUPIED WITH HIS OWN THOUGHTS.—See page 271.







## CHAPTER XXIX.

## THE RETURN HOME.

A consultation was held as to what to do with the bodies of the two dead men, and it was decided to convey them to the valley below, and give them as decent a burial as the surroundings would permit. The work of interment was undertaken by James, Joe and the professor. The remains were placed on sleds, and as soon as the storm blew over, the descent was made. As the green grass and murmuring waters were reached, a grave was dug, and the bodies placed in blankets and consigned to the earth.

Before they left the spot where Captain Hardy and his partner had died, they found a grip, in which was a diary of the trip, and a letter addressed to Captain Hardy's brother in Boston, Mass. It was sealed, so James felt that its contents were sacred, and he decided to mail it as soon as he got back to San Francisco. The diary, too, he concluded to for-



ward to the dead man's relative. There was nothing else of value, so all was left just as they had found it.

Our party now pushed on over Valdes glacier to Port Valdes, and, while waiting for a boat to carry them from Alaska, they spent many pleasant hours with Captain Abercrombie, who was in charge of the government station there.

Soon a steamer arrived, and our party, in company with hundreds of discouraged gold-seekers, started for the homeward trip. Our friends secured extra quarters, and extra accommodations at the table, a luxury the majority of those on board could not afford.

The return trip home was without incident, except that most of them had a slight attack of sea sickness, as the weather was stormy. As they neared the States, nice weather was encountered, and one bright morning Seattle was reached, it being just a year and two months since they had left on their trip north.

Mr. Griffin, James and Helen were anxious to again reach home, as Mrs. Griffin was there alone and waiting to greet them.



At Seattle Mr. Barry and Edward bid them all good-bye and a safe journey to San Francisco.

Edward returned to school, as it was Mr. Barry's intention to give his son a first-class education.

James invited them to come to San Francisco during Edward's vacation, and he promised them an enjoyable time. The professor and Joe, too, had their reasons for being well satisfied at the prospect of an early return to their old homes. The professor was now in possession of more money than he had ever before owned, as was also Joe. Francis, too, was pleased at the general outcome of the trip.

Joe intended to return to Alaska eventually, but he felt able to take a rest during the winter after his several years' prospecting in the Arctic regions.

In a few days our friends left Seattle for their California home, and it was a happy time for all.

James and his father looked after their various properties, and once again, after a series of exciting events, all ended happily.

[James had been home but a few months when he was induced to go to South Africa in search of a diamond mine. He had just arrived in that country when the deadly conflict between the English and



the Boers began, and an account of his experiences there is given in the next volume. Helen and a number of James' friends are with him. Four English orphans, aged from six to fourteen years, will also be introduced to the reader.]



# JAMES GRIFFIN'S ADVENTURES ON LAND AND SEA.

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*By HARRY DEE.*

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The First Book of the James Griffin Adventure Series.

This book relates the adventures of James and his sister Helen when he was 19 years old and she only 17.

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## JAMES GRIFFIN'S ADVENTURES IN ALASKA.

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*By HARRY DEE.*

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This story gives the reader a graphic description of the trials of the gold-seekers who went to Alaska in the fall of 1897, over the Dyea trail. Joe Farrell returns from a several years' prospecting trip, and then he and James Griffin, Helen Griffin and others make up a party to seek for gold. At Seattle they meet Edward Barry, a newsboy, and they decide to take Edward with them, as his father is in Alaska.

When Mr. Griffin, who is in Europe, learns that James is going to the Copper River District, he decides to make a trip there and meet his son and daughter, and accompanies a party of gold-seekers from Port Valdes. A daily diary is kept by one of Mr. Griffin's companions for five months, which is true, and is given in full, describing the difficulties of crossing the glaciers and going up the rivers.

The story is full of action from start to finish, and is sure to be eagerly read by all who are in anyway interested in Alaska.

There are sixteen pages of illustrations of realistic scenes in Alaska, in which our party forms a prominent part, and also a number of photographs of views taken along the trail.

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## JAMES GRIFFIN'S ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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*By HARRY DEE.*

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"James Griffin's Adventures in South Africa" tells of the journey made by James, Helen, Prof. Caldwell, Francis La Boule, and others to South Africa in 1899 in search of diamonds, and they are just in time to get mixed up with the Boer war. They have many adventures and meet four boys who prove themselves heroes in many a severe trial.

There will be sixteen pages of illustrations showing our friends in various parts of South Africa.

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